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Literary Recollections. By the Rev. Richard Warner. 2 vols. London, 1830, Longman & Co.

THERE is a fashion in literature as in other things. In the present day—except upon extraordinary occasions, when *we* write as becomes the dignity of our calling—the writer and reader are special friends. We, naming ourselves as illustrative of all that is excellent, are brief, dogmatical, sketchy or sententious, as suits our humour; our reader is a quick, brilliant, pleasant, gentlemanly fellow, who takes up the cue, cracks our joke, and whisks over our pages with the same facility in which they are written,—in fact, writers and readers are the same people; only the one party writes, and the other “could would should or might”—“handy dandy, and change sides;” Where is the difference? It is pre-supposed that they both know all that can be known, and are of the same rank, quality, and condition, having the same pursuits and likings—the one deals in hints and innuendos, and the other in “nods and becks, and wreathed smiles;” the deepest speculations of the one are thrown out with a gentlemanly indifference, a sort of random thought—halfpence for a muss—the other claps hands, or dissents, and there is an end of the thing. There is no flourish of trumpets on the one part, nor astonishment on the other—no prefatory discourse about “courteous readers”—nor has the reader the most passing notion about “midnight oil.” These things went out of fashion with dedications to “the most excellent—the most learned”—and other the “stay-tape and buckram” manufactures. The family of the “Staffs” is extinct. Even Bickerstaff, kind old Isaac, the pleasantest of all the non-naturals, was childless as well as parentless. He sprang up in his bag wig and suit of brown, as perfect and matured as Minerva from the brain of Jupiter—and they were births equally extraordinary and peculiar to their age. Had Steele lived now, he would not have thought himself under the necessity of changing his dress, before he made his obedience to the public. He would have written for the *Athenæum* of course, and probably signed his initials. The world would have lost something, but let us hope it would not have been all loss—something it might have gained. We are merely speaking of authorship; for as to the matter, the age could not furnish subject for a Tatler. The distinctions of life are worn out. All classes have been so jostled together in this educated and over-population age, that every gentleman has been taught to stick his elbows in his own sides, instead of his neighbour’s; and we pass by, the pleasanter for it—men have more sympathy for their own ribs than other people’s. But we now specially concern ourselves with the identity in author and reader—they are gentlemen of Ephesus. Either we have drawn aside the curtain, or they have peeped behind it—they have wormed out the heart of our mystery. “We are but flesh and blood,” and they know it. Heretofore it was not known. The trade of authorship, like the trade of barber-surgeons, was a mystery. There would now be no need of the kind consideration and precaution of Sir Roger de Coverly, to keep his friend the

Spectator from being “stared at”—no soul would trouble himself to peep over the hedge—they meet authors at every turning—the only difficulty is to avoid, or get rid of them. Readers have lost all reverence for the idol, like the artist when he discovered it was his own manufacture. Autobiography first broke the charm—it admitted readers into the mystic circle—they saw the wires pulled and the puppets dance.

We were made sensible of this on opening these volumes. It happened that the Rev. Richard Warner was the first “author” that ever gladdened our young eyes. Well do we remember the bowed mind with which we approached, and the reverence with which we listened to him. Mr. Warner was an antiquarian, and a topographical historian. Away went Spenser and Shakespeare—nothing could delight us after but Bede and the Saxon Chronicles, Speed, Stowe, and Browne Willis;—our light reading was in the ponderous folios of Gough’s “Camden”—and we drew inspiration from the courteous civility of Mr. Nichols in his answer to correspondents. We actually began a history of the county, and went on piling and compiling until our MSS. were a horse-load and a room-full. A considerate friend, who thought us rather precocious, consented to overlook the manuscript, and never shall we forget the progress of his labours and the progressive lengthening of his face. It turned out, as might be expected, that we had mistaken Ilchester for Silchester, Winton for Wintoncester—that this hundred was inhabited by the Segontians, who were never within a hundred miles of it; in fact, such a compilation of error and absurdity was never seen before, and never may again, until another Warner shall inoculate another blockhead. We had, however, forgotten all this, our weary and profitless labour; though we still thought of Mr. Warner upon occasions with extraordinary and mysterious reverence—but the illusion is passed and forever. Here he is, gossiping as familiarly as if he were a mere mortal, and we—our own insignificant self!—called to sit in judgment upon him. If this be not making the idol, it is repairing it. Why, we are at liberty to treat him as irreverently as we please—knock an arm off—drive a nail into his head—demolish him altogether and set up another; or if it be our humour, we may “piece out his imperfections,” improve and perfect him, and win admiration and worshippers. This is a fearful power, and, under circumstances, we trust the readers will allow us to recover our accustomed nerve, and defer the real notice of the volumes till next week.

THE JUVENILE LIBRARY, VOL. II.—*Historic Anecdotes—France.* London, 1830. Colburn & Bentley.

THE second volume of this instructive monthly work, designed to improve the mental condition of “the remarkable youth of both sexes,” has appeared, and is nearly as lively in its grammatical pleasantries, and certainly quite as luminous in its details, as its elder brother. We greatly grieve to hear that the opinion we felt ourselves imperatively called upon to give upon the first volume of this hasty blundering work, occasioned

such dire wrath in the hearts of its godfathers and godmothers, the publishers and compilers, that another opinion was taken, as to whether our truths were not actionable. The compiler, Trulliber like, was for having it out with us at fistycuffs. But one of the publishers, we presume, steep in, like the milder Mrs. Trulliber, and was for behaving “like true christians and taking the law of us.” Gad a’ mercy! what an escape have we had! The law was nearly being left to take its course! To think of our swinging in the air, martyrs to truth! Gibbeted critical examples to the remarkable youth of both sexes.

It has been said that we were on a late occasion, unjustly severe upon this extremely well printed little book, and that we made assertions respecting its grammatical errors which we were not warranted in making. We may be a little squeamish in our taste—but we really should like to leave it to our readers to decide upon the following passages:—

“Only, in the meantime, arm me, I beseech thee, with thy armour, that I may stand fast, my loins being *guided* about with verity.” i. 67.

“On one occasion, in the month of October, 1654, as he was enjoying his accustomed drive, the horses took fright, and refusing all control, plunged headlong into the river Seine. Fortunately, however, the strong concussion broke their harness, and the carriage remained on the border of the precipice, while the horses were hurled below. *By this means*, the life of Pascal was saved from instantaneous destruction; but his mind and body received, nevertheless, a most afflicting injury.” i. 85.

“The eldest brother of Angela had a friend who had promised to call on him, in order to go out together, as it was vacation time. The youth appeared, mounted on a very spirited horse, and his friend ran to meet him; when the horse, startled at the motion, began to curvet, and, by a violent movement, threw Angela’s brother on the ground.” i. 191.

“His portrait of Mrs. Siddons, with respect to attitude, was an idea taken from Michael Angelo’s figure of Contemplation, in the Sistine Chapel at Rome.” i. 239.

“We remember, when he resided in Greek Street, Soho, and was, or was said to be, in retirement from embarrassments, a Mr. W— obtained access to him *relatively* to his portrait. Next day Mr. Lawrence contrived to accept his invitation to his house in Gloucester Street.” 259.

These are a few of the sentences which are intended, in the words of the prospectus of the “Juvenile Library,” to “demonstrate the possibility of being familiar without being superficial; easy, though exhibiting all necessary intelligence; and amusing, though the superstructures are raised on the foundations of learning and science.”

We confess we should especially like to see a fine prize-child fed entirely upon “Juvenile Library”—after the monthly oil-cake had been crammed into its mind for some decent time: what a mass of unwieldy gross erudition would the poor pampered thing become! The Smithfield cattle-show would be but an exhibition of living skeletons, compared with this Lambert of the Juveniles!

The second volume of the Library, is entitled, "Historic Anecdotes—France," and is nothing more than a dull incorrect abridgment of the history of France. The reader is compelled to go through a very severe course of kings, which leaves him extremely weak at its termination. We should conjecture that the compiler of these historic anecdotes, was a rapid though not an elegant penman—a gentleman better acquainted with Mr. Carstairs than with Mr. Lindley Murray—that he was decidedly a descendant from that amiable mistress of English language, Mrs. Slipslop. We really never encountered sentences so deplorably dislocated, as those which abound in this second volume of the "Juvenile Library." The soul of Mrs. Slipslop surely animates the following passages:—

"By the will of his father, the queen-mother, Anne of Austria, was appointed regent during the minority, but under the direction and control of a council of regency, consisting of the Duke of Orleans, the Prince of Condé, Cardinal Mazarin, Pierre Seguier chancellor, Bouthillier superintendent of finance, and Chavigné his son." ii. 167.

"Several of them sat astride on the cannon, commemorating, in the most horrid songs, all the crimes they had been committing. Others, nearer the royal carriage, sung allegorical airs, the insulting allusions of which they applied to the queen with the grossest gestures." ii. 234.

"In 1804, this extraordinary man, in whom was so strangely mingled the elements of littleness and greatness, was declared Emperor of France: in 1814, the Bourbons were restored to their kingdom by the arms of the allied monarchs of nearly all Europe; and in 1815 Louis the Eighteenth was firmly established on the throne.

"Napoleon having regained possession of the empire between the years 1814 and 1815, compelled the allied powers again to declare war against France; and after a brief campaign, the success of which was determined by the glorious victory of Waterloo, he fled from Paris, and finding escape by sea impossible, yielded himself a prisoner of war to Captain Maitland, of the Bellerophon, on the 15th July, 1815." ii. 264.

The last historic anecdote, "the superstructure of which is clearly raised on the foundation of learning and science," is the only notice which Napoleon suffers in this history of France. He is, we suppose, a little gentleman of whom the less that is known the better.

The compiler is not a good hand at arithmetical proportions, although he is so skilful at writing. At page 121 he gives the following original estimate of the population of Paris in 1590:—

"Its inhabitants, at that time, amounted to 2,300,000, besides the garrison, about 4000; and when the siege commenced, they had not provisions to last them a month." ii. 121.

The compiler also states, that at this period "Pestilence, as usual, trod in the steps of Famine." We were not aware that Pestilence and Famine were such established Babes in the Wood!

We have done. The second volume is as beautifully got up by the printer, stationer, and binder, as the former one was; and we do not know when we have seen so much careless and imperfect prose set forth in such clear attractive type, and on so goodly a paper. "Folly" dresses herself in satins! Honestly conceiving the work to be one essentially calculated to mis-instruct young persons, we have openly spoken our minds; and we shall fearlessly continue to warn the unwary of the nuisance, if it be not immediately and henceforth remedied; for we deem it to be quite as useful to hold a lantern before bad books as before bad houses.

WAVERLEY NOVELS, Vol. XV.—*A Legend of Montrose*. 1830. Cadell & Co., Edinburgh; Whittaker & Co., London.

THERE is very little, either in the introduction or notes to this volume, of much interest. "The Legend of Montrose," says Sir Walter, "was written chiefly with a view to place before the reader the melancholy fate of John Lord Kilpont, eldest son of William Earl of Airth and Men-teith, and the singular circumstances attending the birth and history of James Stewart of Ardvoirlich, by whose hand the unfortunate nobleman fell." But, after reading the novel, the traditional story is hardly worth repeating. What is said of the character of Dalgetty is pleasant enough:—

"The author has endeavoured to enliven the tragedy of the tale by the introduction of a personage proper to the time and country. In this he has been held by excellent judges to have been in some degree successful. The contempt of commerce entertained by young men having some pretence to gentility, the poverty of the country of Scotland, the national disposition to wandering and to adventure, all conducted to lead the Scots abroad into the military service of countries which were at war with each other. They were distinguished on the Continent by their bravery; but in adopting the trade of mercenary soldiers, they necessarily injured their national character. The tincture of learning, which most of them possessed, degenerated into pedantry; their good breeding became mere ceremonial; their fear of dishonour no longer kept them aloof from that which was really unworthy, but was made to depend on certain punctilious observances totally apart from that which was in itself deserving of praise. A cavalier of honour, in search of his fortune, might, for example, change his service as he would his shirt, fight, like the doughty Captain Dalgetty, in one cause after another, without regard to the justice of the quarrel, and might plunder the peasantry subjected to him by the fate of war with the most unrelenting rapacity; but he must beware how he sustained the slightest reproach, even from a clergyman, if it had regard to neglect on the score of duty."

After quoting authorities for the character, Sir Walter adds:—"I must not forget the more modern sketch of a Scottish soldier of the old fashion, by a master-hand, in the character of Lesmahagow, since the existence of that doughty Captain alone must deprive the present author of all claim to absolute originality. Still Dalgetty, as the production of his own fancy, has been so far a favourite with its parent, that he has fallen into the error of assigning to the Captain too prominent a part in the story."

We begin to suspect, that we are a little hypercritical about book illustrations, and therefore, as we cannot praise, we will not notice either plate or vignette.

Travels through the Crimea, Turkey, and Egypt; performed during the Years 1825—1828. By the late James Webster, Esq., of the Inner Temple. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1830. Colburn & Bentley.

[Second Notice.]

THIS is the heavier volume of the two—we do not, of course, mean with reference to its size as a large, ponderous octavo, but with respect to its pages, which are numerous, long, and tedious. There is, no doubt, much that is amusing, but there is decidedly more that is dull. During the whole journey through Egypt we are wearied with the perpetual recurrence of propyleons, triglyphs, cartouches, entablatures, intercolumniations, and hieroglyphics. The manners, customs, and institutions of the country are but

incidentally noticed. Instead of being occasionally diverted with a lively picture of manners, we are absolutely surfeited with an eternal *pot pourri* of broken sphynxes and dilapidated temples. It is a folly for young travellers to imagine that their memoranda, written during a hurried tour through a country, will be studied by cognoscenti, as the oracles of national history. Your real hunters after knowledge go to higher authorities and more authentic sources. It should therefore be the business of those journalists who travel because it is the fashion, and to see a little of the world, and who are only read by such as like to gain instruction in such an easy rate, to convey their information in such a manner as will render it available to their readers with the least possible trouble. Now, when we are told, in the volume before us, that bunches of grapes weighed five *ocks* when ripe, we might as well have been informed, at the foot of the page, or elsewhere, the weight of an *ock*. For the benefit of those who never studied an Egyptian *Cocker*, this should certainly have been done. The same remark will apply to sundry other particulars.

The account of Mahomed Ali, though somewhat long, is interesting; but we cannot altogether defer to the author's views of his character, either moral or political. He calls him a "very great man," and this, we admit, he might prove *à fortiori*, by the aid of a syllogism, just as logically, and not less satisfactorily, than a learned professor once proved that a cat had three tails. No cat has two tails, observed the professor; a cat has more tails than no cat—*ergo*, a cat has three tails. In like manner may the Pacha of Egypt be proved to be a "very great man"; as, for example, a villain is a man, Mahomed Ali is a very great villain—*ergo*, Mahomed Ali is a very great man. Now, in order to show that he was a very great villain, we have only to quote Mr. Webster's account of his cowardly massacre of the Mamelukes at Cairo:

"His plan was effected on the occasion of a public festival. The Grand Seigneur had sent his Kislar Aga to Cairo, as bearer of costly presents to the Pacha, and the firman appointing Tousoun, the son of Mahomed, to the dignity of a two-tailed Pacha. The same youth had been by his father nominated general of the army of Arabia. The 1st of March, 1811, was the day set apart for the investiture of Tousoun; and the ceremony was ordered in the citadel. The principal portion of the Mamluke body,—that, indeed, most conspicuous for its activity and boldness, under Elfy's successor, Chahyn Bey, had been enticed some time previously into the city, loaded with honours and attentions, and quartered in an appropriate part of the city. These Mamlukes had been invited to take part in the parade and festivities of the day; and they consented to do so. In the morning Chahyn Bey, with his staff and officers, apparelled in whatever they possessed of the greatest cost and magnificence, came to the Pacha's hall of audience in the citadel, to offer their congratulations on so joyous an occasion. Mahomed received them with the greatest affability. They were presented with coffee, and he conversed with them severally, with openness of heart, and serenity of brow. But the serpent lay hidden in its bed of roses!

"The procession was ordered to move from the citadel along a passage cut in the rock. The Pacha's troops moved first, followed by the Mamluke corps. As soon, however, as they had passed the gate, at that end of the rocky passage which leads to the citadel, it was shut suddenly against the latter, and Mahomed's forces were ordered to the top of the rocks, where they were perfectly secure from the aim of their victims, and whence they leisurely fired upon the defenceless Mamlukes, and butchered them in cold blood, almost to a man; for escape

was difficult, that end of the defile by which they had entered having been also closed, and its breadth, in many parts, being so scanty that two horsemen could with difficulty stand side by side. Of those who were fortunate enough to find shelter in the Pacha's harem, in Toussoun's abode, and elsewhere, all were mercilessly dragged forth, conducted before the Kiaya Bey, and beheaded on the spot. The body of the brave leader Chahyn, was exposed to every infamy. A rope was passed round the neck, and the bloody carcass dragged through various parts of the city, exposed all the while to the execrations and the contumely of the inflamed populace. The citadel itself looked like a hideous slaughter-house, newly deluged with the blood of victims, and overstrown with a multitude of reeking carcasses. Dead steeds lay confusedly along the streets, with their golden caparisons soiled in the filthy compound of dirt and gore; their knights, some with limbs hacked off, others without their heads, still clenching their scymitars with the last despairing, yet desperate grasp of death, were flung near their war-horses, prostrate in a black puddle of their own life-blood. Their numerous followers were cast around their masters, pierced with many balls, their faces depicting that malice, which raged in their hearts, sprung from their disappointment at not being able to bequeath their dying hatred to a successor." ii. 80—2.

The following is characteristic:—"We heard the following account of the bite of a serpent, and the cure, from Mahmoud. In his last voyage up the Nile, one of the crew was bitten in the foot by a serpent, and he ran howling to the boat, believing that he must die. The remedy applied was the following:—They tied a Spanish dollar upon the wound, and one of the sailors stood over the patient for some time, repeating verses from the Koran. A cure somewhat similar was resorted to in the case of our reis, who one day complained of his head from exposure to the sun. One of the crew thrust his hand down the reis's back, and pulled and rubbed, as if he were drawing something up. Having done the same with the other hand, he kept a firm hold of the neck with both hands, seeming to have caught something. He then dragged one hand after the other cautiously round the head, till they met in the middle of the brow, and, raising up the skin between them he squeezed it, as if extracting a thorn. By this means the sun, which had mischievously entered the body of the reis, was caught, and turned out!" ii. 148-9.

The account of our traveller's reception at the encampment of a Bedouin chief is delightful. The fiery temper of these nomadic robbers is well portrayed:—"On the 13th, while drawing a view of Wady-Feran, we were visited by numbers of people who came and remained all day gazing at us. At three and a quarter p.m. we left Wady-Feran. It is about two miles in length, and inhabited by Arabs, who were formerly the slaves of the convent. In two hours we came to the place where we expected to find Moussa's tent, but were informed that he had moved higher up the day before. As we had appointed to visit him, we proceeded, and in less than an hour came in sight of a range of tents. It appeared that preparations had been made for our reception. At Wady-Feran the Arabs had all day wished us to start, telling us that there was a grand fantasia at Moussa's. On our approach the women uttered a shrill cry or quaver, which is the method of welcoming strangers; and it is customary for the latter to acknowledge the greeting by riding up at full gallop—a practice which one of our Arabs, an old man, and the Nestor of the party, thought it incumbent on him to follow. As he galloped his dromedary along, he made a greater noise than the women had done. They, on seeing his gallantry, did all they could to welcome him. On dismounting,

we were greeted by each of the tribe, who, one after the other, came up, laid his hand flat upon ours, and, as he withdrew it to his breast, gave us his salaam. This some repeated, while children held out their hands, exclaiming 'Salaam!' We were surprised to meet with Moussa's son, whom we had left at Cairo. He came up to us, welcomed us as his friend, and, in an instant, our tent was pitched by the Arabs in the same line with their own. Coffee was then served, according to our custom, with sugar, of which, too, the Arabs are very fond. In a short time a fat white sheep, led by Mohammed and other children, passed by our tent. It was that destined for the entertainment, and its last groans were soon heard from before Moussa's tent. Then began the bustle of cooking, and, as the sun had set, fires gradually lighted the tented line. They brought us some goat's milk, which we found to be delicious, and we were surprised to see the animals so fat and sleek. In the quiet of evening, we saw the Ser-wall fade and rest on the western horizon. At length, supper was brought, consisting of boiled meat, and a kind of pancakes in a huge wooden basin or tray, in the centre of which was a bowl of soup, made with a sort of cucumber. We set to with our fingers, and, in the meantime, the Arabs at the outside of the tent had ceased talking. On looking out, we saw them seated round a blazing fire, which well displayed the expression of voracious hunger on their countenances. They were served with soup, which they laded out with their hands, and devoured very greedily. After smoking a pipe they dispersed, and the embers only of the fire remained. Moussa then came to thank us for the honour we had done him in paying him a visit, and hoped that we found the supper to our liking.—We had arranged to return next morning to the common road to Mount Sinai, and to leave the baggage to proceed by a nearer by-path. A fierce dispute arose between Moussa and a young man, as to whether the dromedary of the latter should carry the tent. The youngster would not yield, though all around seemed against him. He wished to take away his dromedary. The old man entreated and embraced him, Moussa abused him, and, at length, they came to a scuffle, when Moussa knocked off the turban of the other—a great insult. With an expression of ungovernable rage, the young man snatched out his dagger—the by-standers stopped his hand—he struggled, and became more and more furious, his visage glaring with the darkest malignity. His passion being supposed somewhat abated, only two were left to hold his hands, when he suddenly jerked away from them, and, waving his long yatagan, rushed towards Moussa, who, with some others, stood a few yards off. He failed as before, and now all became exasperated against him. They showered on him terms of the vilest contempt, and he became sensible of his horrid conduct. He put on his turban, and was left alone, none fearing his further violence, as the tide of repentance had set in. While he stood apart, leaning on his gun, a female, his wife perhaps, came up, and, when all had deserted him, seized the moment at which advice gently administered is received with emotion. Moussa seemed but little moved by this attempt upon his life.

"The encampment which we had thus visited consisted of about sixteen or eighteen tents, rudely fixed, flat on the roof, and some with cloth on three of the four sides, others only on two. They form merely a shelter from the sun, and are made of coarse brown cloth, supported by four or six poles. Moussa was careful to inform us that their winter tents were greatly superior, and that these were but rags to keep off the sun. Their furniture consists of a mat, a few bowls, jugs, and pots, and a small hand-mill. They can change their habitations in an

hour. These are the true Bedouins—one of the hordes which roam through the deserts wherever water, grass, and a few bushes can be found, for themselves and their flocks." ii. 190—4.

The improvisatore at Messina was unquestionably a man worth notice:—"At the inn, I met an improvisatore. He was a young man of twenty or so, who offered to improvise on any subject. The subject of Scylla and Charybdis was given, and in about a quarter of an hour he produced a written stanza. Next day, he brought some verses on the destruction of Pompeii. If rhymes were given him, he said he would fill them up on any subject. Rhymes were accordingly given, and the death of Caesar suggested as a subject. He passed to the other side of the room, and, returning in a moment, without uttering a word, took an attitude like one inspired, and, without stopping, filled up about twenty lines, the poetry of which was really beautiful. He accompanied me to the whirlpool of Charybdis. On the way he improvised several stanzas. We sailed into the centre of the whirlpool, which at that moment was comparatively quiet, the sirocco being past. Even a large vessel, if placed in a high wind where we were, would have been whirled round and engulfed. The boiling of the water was quite visible. This celebrated whirlpool lies on the outside of the harbour, beyond the mole, not ten minutes sail from Messina. The improvisatore now, by way of commentary on Italian versification, gave stanzas in every kind of Italian metre. He certainly evinced a very minute and astonishing information on every subject. He was a young officer, rather awkward in his address, but improving much on acquaintance. When asked to go to Charybdis, he said that he would do so willingly, if his uncle would permit him, and asked us to make a request to that effect. In fact, excepting in his talent, he was a mere boy. The secret of improvisation is extensive reading and a strong memory, grafted on a poetical temperament, and applied to a harmonious language." ii. 229-30.

Mr. Webster sometimes succeeds in making us smile:—"No part of the island, which could possibly be brought under cultivation, has been neglected. The soil of Malta is fruitful; and where richest, yields two crops a year. In many parts, enormous labour was requisite, in order to effect this. It is necessary that the ground should be perfectly level, otherwise the rains in the winter season would carry off the soil to the bottom of the valley. Hence, high walls are built, the ground levelled, &c., so that, in passing through the country, you see only high walls rising one above the other; but, on reaching the summit of a hill, you perceive the fields, or rather small plots of ground, into which the soil is parcelled. Some years ago, a gentleman was shooting in the winter time, down at the Salinas, after a very heavy rain, and having got sight of some wild ducks, followed in that direction, but lost his birds, when he met a countryman, who seemed searching for something with a most melancholy countenance. The man, on being asked if he had seen three ducks, replied,—"Three ducks! I care not for them: I am looking for three fields of mine. I find not a particle of soil, but merely stones and rocks where they were!" ii. 284-5.

There is certainly much more to amuse in the latter than the former part of this volume, with the exception of the detail of the Russian Conspiracy, which is sufficiently tedious. The account of Malta, generally, is entertaining, and upon the whole very well written. There are occasionally some charming reflections interspersed with the narrative, which give a very favourable idea of the author's sensibility and the goodness of his heart. He was undoubtedly a young man of much promise, and, had he lived, might have been an ornament to the literature.

XUM

of horrors, and the mere crowding together a variety of miseries which disjunctively happen daily, will not constitute a pleasant tale: murder and hydrophobia are fearful things, and not the more agreeable for coming in company.

The point in "Easy Remedy" is good: a hen-pecked tailor after indulging at a public-house in potatoes pottle deep, is, upon his return home, scolded by his wife, who complains that while he tipples "mull'd ale and amber, hot and hot," she is left to drink cold water:—

"Cold!" cried the husband, who began
In turn to wrangle and to storm it,—
"Cold! ye poor lazy slattern, cold!
Then why, ye good-for-nothing scold,
Why don't you warm it?"

Mr. Mark Higginbotham's case, concerning which we have already given our opinion, concludes the first volume. The whole of the second we think our readers may safely go through, as the good greatly outweighs the bad; if, however, they (that is, our readers) be very select in their reading, we particularly recommend "The Birthday of Spring," in which there is the genuine spirit of poetry; "The Brewer's Wife," an admirable story admirably told; and the "Encomium Moriae," a short piece written in the style and with the good feeling of Cowper. Though our extracts are already rather numerous, we cannot refrain from giving the following very excellent collection of puns, written in our author's best style.

Clio Grub at Brighton.

Clio Grub was a Poet, an old puff provider
For Warren's Jet Blacking and Rowland's Kalydor,
Though promoted at times to be laureate fag
To that old woman's Album the "Gentleman's Mag."
Derry down, &c.

His form was so lank, for he lived by his wit,
No bailiff could see him behind a stout spit;
And cash was to him an Ash-Wednesday event,
Which never arrived except when it was lent.
Derry down, &c.

His garret, all scrawl'd with extempores quaint,
Though it needed the brush, I shall not try to paint;
I was a shivering room in the attic, more fit
For rheum-atic complaints, than to prompt Attic wit.
Derry down, &c.

Rheumatic he grew, caught the ague beside,
And shook till the bantering landlady cried—
"Them as thinks Poet Grub isn't any great shakes,
Could they but see him now would confess their mis-
takes."
Derry down, &c.

Quoth the Bard, "I am going to Brighton:"—"High
times,"
The dame interposed, "if you speak of your rhymes:"—"To
pay Nature's debt I must quickly prepare."
Cried the dame, "How prodigiously Nature will stare!"
Derry down, &c.

To Brighton he went, and secured a retreat
In the pebble-built house of a narrow back street,
With a staring bow-window, to let him explore
What was passing in either bow window next door.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas a scene for a poet; behind he could gaze,
From morning till night, on the Mews and the bays;
But the Mews was a stable which seldom inspired
A bard, though the bays in the fetlock were fired.
Derry down, &c.

He was scarcely installed, when the lodging-house maid
Ran open mouth'd up to her mistress, and said—
"La, Ma'am! there's his chaise in the street—Mrs. Shee
Has let her first floor to a monstrous grandee!"
Derry down, &c.

"Sally told me the nobleman's title, but what
She call'd him, in hurrying home I've forgot;
I shall soon recollect, and I'll then let you know."
So saying, she dived to the kitchen below,
Down, down, &c.

Five minutes elapsed ere the wench in a hurry,
Having thought of the title, ran up in a flurry,
And bawled to her mistress, half-breathless with speed,
"The gentleman, Ma'am, is a great invalid."
Derry down, &c.

In baths of all sorts Grub was pickled and stew'd,
And Mussulmen sharply his muscles shampoo'd;
While Mahomed rubb'd, and such zeal did evince,
That the Turk has been black in the face ever since.
Derry down, &c.

"Shampooing," cried Grub, "is of no real use;
Let me try what a long country-walk will produce;
'Tis a night for a poet—just going to freeze,
So I'm sure of a rime on each leaf of the trees."
Derry down, &c.

It is true, there was one shingle beach by the sea,
But elsewhere he hunted in vain for a tree;
For wherever at Brighton you chalk out a walk,
'Tis impossible ever to walk out of chalk.
Derry down, &c.

The night it was black, and the winds warring high,
Seem'd it to shed Warren's blacking all over the sky;
But Grub, in whose writings the moon brightly shone,
Made light of the darkness, and boldly march'd on.
Derry down, &c.

In a well that was dry rogish smugglers had flung
Some ankors of gin, which they covered with dung;
Grub soused in the hole, and exclaimed in affright,
"Well-a-day! I don't fancy this deep well at night."
I am down, down, &c.

It chanced that he started a cask as he fell,
And being himself quite as dry as the well,
He swilled till, like Neptune, he fell fast asleep,
Embracing an anker while plunged in the deep.
Down, down, &c.

When they hoisted him up, he afforded a plea
For a coroner's inquest of *Felo de se*;
For as soon as he came to himself, he began
To find that he had come to a different man.
Derry down, &c.

The gin, or the fright, or the heat he endured,
Rheumatics and ague had thoroughly cured;
And the late Clio Grub, such a poor sickly soul,
Was discharged from the hole of the well, well and
whole.
Derry down, &c.

*Thucydides, Vol. I., containing Books I. and II.,
with English Notes, critical, philological and
exegetical. By the Rev. S. T. Bloomfield,
D.D. London, 1830. Valpy.*

THOSE who can duly appreciate the difficulties of Thucydides must look with a favourable eye on the present work. The notes, annexed to former editions, required nearly as much knowledge to understand them, as the Greek text itself, and they were seldom consulted except by those who were previously well skilled in the learned languages. How well qualified the learned doctor is for the task he imposed upon himself, must be known to all who have perused his spirited translation of the work—none could be more capable of elucidating the obscurities of the historian, than he who was able to express the meaning of the original in a style almost worthy of it. The notes are not always free from pedantry, and the diction is somewhat laboured;—we think too the parallel passages should certainly have been accompanied by translation; but Dr. Bloomfield has rendered the writings of Thucydides intelligible to many, who without his assistance would have been discouraged from attempting to understand them, and this is a positive good, for which he deserves our best thanks.

Memoirs of the Life and Works of George Romney; also some Particulars of the Life of Peter Romney, his Brother. By the Rev. John Romney, D.D. 4th. London, 1830. Baldwin & Cradock.

WE trust that our notice of the Life of Romney was complete in a former number. But not the least interesting portion of this volume is contained in the Appendix and in the life and letters of his brother—a painter like himself, but destined to be less fortunate. We therefore take up, in a separate notice, the

Life of Peter Romney.

When George ventured to try his fortune in London, his brother remained in Kendal, prosecuting his studies with diligence, and occasionally painting portraits for a guinea a head:—"When his brother visited the north in 1765, he took Peter back with him to London in order that he might have better opportunities

of improving himself; but as he had not the means of maintenance there, he was soon obliged to return to his father's house. While he remained at home, having brought with him a few prints after Bergham, Vernet, &c., which he had picked up in London, he employed himself in copying them, and in making some compositions of his own. With these, after having stopped a short time at Ulverston, he proceeded to Lancaster in the beginning of 1767; and there, having formed a sufficient collection, he disposed of them by lottery, after the example of his brother. He also painted some portraits during his stay in that town. Being now furnished with a supply of money in consequence of his lottery, he advanced boldly to Manchester, where he may properly be said to have commenced his short career as a portrait painter."

The following is from a letter written during his residence at Ulverston, and gives a humorous description of the variety of opinions by which works of art are judged, to the annoyance of the artist:—"I will here drop the subject, and give you a description of a number of critics, by whom I have been pestered, and diverted, both here and at other places.

"The first sort that presents itself, are those who, having perhaps read some flimsy French authors on taste, heard of Hogarth's line of beauty, and seen a few Reynolds's prints, condemn all pictures that are not twisted, loose, and careless. The next are those who, having gathered their ideas from dancing-masters, boarding-schools, and some of Cranke's, or Hudson's pictures, admire only such as are neat, formal, upright, and at some stiff kind of employment.

"A third, who have perhaps been in Italy, and seen a number of very old brown paintings, think none valuable that are not half obscured by smoke and dust. These, again, are contrasted by a set whose criterion of judging is derived from Chinese figures with carmine cheeks, and from painted actresses; and who condemn all as looking dirty, which are not uniformly fair, and bright as a tulip. A fifth sort having seen some of Vandyck's faded pictures, are quite offended if a painting have any shadow in it; whilst an advocate for Rembrandt admires no picture but what is too dark to distinguish what it represents. The first of these would even condemn a night-piece for being dark and obscure; and the latter a day-light for being clear and distinct. I have met with some critics so far carried away with the idea of a rough, slight, and bold style in painting, as to censure a picture of Venus and Adonis for its delicacy, softness, and high finishing; and others, on the contrary, such admirers of the latter style, as to condemn a heroic piece for being rough, slight, and bold.

"The next sort I remember, are those who gather their principles from painted flies, fruit, flowers, and other pieces of still-life, and lifeless productions; who are always enamoured of little minute pieces, and parts of things, such as buttons, button-holes, lace, finger nails, fretted sleeves, and knots of ribands; and who immediately dislike the picture in which they cannot discover these beauties;—whilst an opposite set, deeply learned in half-finished pieces, designs, drawings, &c., observe only the whole effect; and if there be two or three objects in an obscure part of the picture, and the rest tinged with a broad light, they esteem it an admirable piece. The first of these would prefer a picture of Cranke's with a fine finished finger-nail to one by Reynolds without it; and the latter, any kind of miserable sketch, to a piece finished according to its true character: this, however, is the test, by which every subject should be tried and judged; but it is a thing they never dream of, nor would it be possible by any means to make them understand it. You will perceive that the

false and ridiculous judgments of those various sorts of critics do not proceed so much from entire ignorance (though that perhaps would be more tolerable), as from their knowing a little, and thence vainly concluding that they comprehend everything. Absurd as this vanity is, I think there are scarcely two persons out of two hundred that are free from it." p. 277—9.

We are not, perhaps, just in our judgment, but we confess we like Peter even better than the greater man, his brother. We are not prepared to defend this judgment.—George has the world's opinion with him,—but Peter died young, and seems to us to have been acute, sensible, and good, and with talent enough at least to have rivalled George, had he lived as long. The following extract from one of his letters contains a mixture of shrewd, subtle, half-digested ideas, such as were likely to be floating in the brain of a young and immature, but only of an intelligent and powerful man: it is a mixture of poetry, philosophy, and observation, and an attempt to weave them into one harmonious whole. If he fails, inferior, but more disciplined and practised minds, may work out a truth that he could not master, though he possessed the higher power and ability to suggest it:—

"The generous construction you put upon my long neglect of writing to you, compels me to confess, that it was not so much occasioned by my being wholly engaged, either with cultivations for the future, or with employment of the present, as by an inability to write anything which I thought would give either profit or pleasure, or rather a higher opinion of my abilities. This is the spur, I believe, that determined me to write at last; and which has, and will continue to stimulate to what the world calls the most noble and heroic actions. And however meanly you may think of it, I would not have you utterly to despise it; for whatever ideal philosophers and enthusiasts may advance about doing good and excellent things purely for the sake of doing them, I have a notion that this would often prove but a feeble motive, if not accompanied by the hopes of distinction. I do not affirm that your want of exertion is occasioned by your having put too heavy a yoke upon this human instigator; though you may, perhaps, infer that such is my opinion, particularly when you have read the following assertion from Spenser's Fairy Queen.—The mind that is pregnant with glorious intentions can never rest till it has brought them forth.

"Though you compliment me on the happiness of my notions on simplicity, yet give me leave to observe, that you do not seem to feel the beauty of the image from whence I drew the epithet, with that rapture I could have wished; which I account for by supposing that you have not associated so many endearing ideas to the name of Virgin as I have; in which, if I am carried to a degree of prejudice, like that of those critics whom I briefly mentioned to you in my last, (who judge of all sorts of pictures, poems, &c. by one and the same criterion, without any reference to character,) do not look upon it otherwise than as a natural and temporary delusion, which, perhaps, may be too soon removed by the severe instructions of experience. For when I hear a simple virgin mentioned, I do not conceive the idea of a plain, cold, insipid, unfeeling girl: no, there arises in my mind an elegant, graceful, beautiful form, endowed with a soul as pure as light—so warmed with truth, generosity, and affection, as to breathe through every pore—producing a blush that shames the lily, tinged with the colours of the rose; and which being mingled with smiles, glows unrivalled by art or nature.

"Now laying aside partiality, and considering the chief end of painting, &c. to be to give pleasure, what model in nature can be found so likely to be studied for producing that end? But it is

only the judicious application of those studies which can render them valuable; for instance, if the principles derived from studying such a model were indiscriminately applied to a heroic subject, how ridiculous it would be! They are not to be used like the prescription of a quack, which professes to cure every disorder; but must be administered like a genuine medicine by a legitimate professor, who always considers the season, situation, constitution, sex, and age of his patient, which requires a deep and delicate discernment into the nature and character of his subject—the result of bright parts, wide knowledge, and long experience. How near I may come to the excellence you call critical, and how highly obtain that science and invention, which you say is necessary to form a good allegory, I cannot pretend to foresee; but to be able to invent a perfect picture demands such united force of labour, genius, and opportunity, that I greatly fear they will never all so far concur, as to give me the possession of such ability. It is very trifling to invent in a scattered and disordered manner, without regard to time, place, unity, expression, and character; but it is something indeed very extraordinary to produce a full, clear, united, and interesting subject, and to adorn it with the most emphatic and characteristic beauties, in such a manner as to render it at once striking, charming, and instructive. I say nothing of the mere mechanical parts of painting, as I conceive them to be an easy consequence of the other, though both painters and critics make such a clamour about them. And why do they? Because therein lie their chief excellencies; the first in producing, and the latter in discovering them. Yet I would not have you to understand that I despise or neglect those mechanical parts of art, *by no means*; only it vexes me when I see them placed uppermost, instead of being regarded as subservient to the other, which is surely a most degrading inversion of true science: it is just the same as preferring the hand-writing of a letter to the sense it contains,—which indeed I have often seen done, even when the sense has been clever, and the writing both tolerable. What numbers of pictures there are wrought up to the highest perfection that the united force of drawing and colouring can carry them, which yet have no effect, considered either as a pleasing group of objects, or an interesting subject pathetically expressed, or truly characterized! All their beauties consist in their parts being very like, in form and colour, to what they were intended to represent; which parts are, perhaps, a number of inelegant objects, scattered, as it were by accident, up and down, without connexion or meaning, general or particular.—Painters seem not to know that painting is no more than a pleasing vehicle, or means of conveying the beauties of nature to the mind; otherwise they would never certainly prefer the *vehicle* or *means*, to the *matter conveyed*, and the *end*. I fancy it is much the same in poetry, which seems not to be regarded as the drapery of truth and philosophy, which should never be sacrificed for mere embellishment; no more than a leg or arm of a man in a picture should be maimed or cut off, to make room for some elegant folds of drapery—a thing I have more than once seen done. Poetry, as well as painting, however, if judiciously and finely managed, is no doubt as capable of adorning and heightening truth and philosophy, as dress the human figure; the effects of which, in the present state of society, all who are not stupidly prejudiced must allow to be very powerful indeed, particularly when disposed with exquisite taste.

"Thus have I expressed myself as clearly as I am able, in disclosing the nature of some things, which, though not immediately consequential to your letter, are what have often given me pain in considering. And after speaking in

such an absolute manner, (which I would alter if I had time,) will you not think it odd of me, to desire you to correct what you may judge amiss, and to give me your sentiments as they may arise on your perusal? I would not have you to sacrifice what you *honestly think* to any kind of complaisance. The reason for this hint is nothing more than a desire which I have to know what is really right and true, as nearly as I possibly can: for I frequently find my confidence fail when my certainty is rendered any way doubtful, which has subjected me to strange sufferings in my own mind; whereof you may probably have a lively sense from your own feelings." p. 279—83.

The last sentence of this letter strikes us as singularly beautiful: it is full of modesty and wisdom; and shows with what anxious and painful solicitude the young mind yearns after truth. But we must defer the conclusion of our notice of this unknown, but interesting and clever young man, to the next number.

Memoirs of the Life and Reign of George the Fourth. By N. E. Lloyd, Esq. 8vo. London, 1830. Treuttel & Wurtz.

THIS is perhaps as well compiled a volume as a reasonable reader will have anticipated; for what could any reasonable reader anticipate but a hasty, imperfect gathering of anecdotes and facts, now scattered over newspapers and party pamphlets. Works like these are in their nature temporary—they are written for the occasion—criticism upon them would be idle; and, after this, we may say fairly that Mr. Lloyd's work is readable, and will have an interest with many persons. As to the one hundred pages of prefatory discourse about the House of Brunswick, from Boniface, Count of Lucca, to George the Second, it is mere make-weight; and so is a great deal of the substance of the work itself. There is, indeed, little of novelty in any part of the volume; but it may be pleasant to our readers to recall some of the anecdotes and circumstances mentioned in it, and therefore we shall proceed to extract from it.

The first political act of his late Majesty, (says Mr. Lloyd,) was voting for Mr. Fox's India Bill, in 1783. "It was unfortunate for the Prince, and the ruin of his party. The King saw, or fancied he saw, an opposition organization against him, headed by his son. He expressed his concern that the prince should so soon take the lead in political measures of the greatest magnitude. He thought that 'the loss of one settlement in the West would be a warning, without risking our possessions in the East.' * * *

"Another result of this affair was the estrangement of the Prince of Wales from the King his father. The whigs being personally as well as politically odious to his Majesty, the friendship with which they were honoured by the heir-apparent could not fail to be highly offensive to him, and was undoubtedly one of the causes of that want of cordiality, which, notwithstanding the exalted domestic virtues of our revered sovereign, and the truly filial respect always shown to him by his son, was but too manifest on many occasions. * * *

"In some points, the breach that now took place between the Prince and the King bore a close resemblance to that which had disturbed the preceding reign. In both cases, the royal parents were harsh and obstinate—in both cases money was the chief source of dissension—and in both cases the genius, and accomplishments of those with whom the heir-apparent connected himself, threw a splendour round the political bond between them, which prevented even themselves from perceiving its looseness and fragility." p. 56—61.

The notice of some of the foreign visitors to his Royal Highness will have its interest at the present moment:—"In the same year, that extraordinary personage, Philip, Duke de Chartres, afterwards Duke of Orleans, celebrated during the French revolution by the name of Philippe Egalité, visited England, and for two months became the constant companion of the Prince of Wales. He had before this affected the English dress and style of living to a degree that rendered him ridiculous. How a man so utterly unprincipled could gain the confidence of the Prince is not easy to say. The Duke was rich, profuse, and gay to excess. At Carlton House he was almost an inmate, and numerous entertainments of the most splendid kind were given to do him honour. Sir Joshua Reynolds was employed to paint his portrait, which was said to be one of the best ever executed by that admirable artist. A few years since, when a fire broke out at Carlton House, this fine painting received great damage.

"It was observed, that when he returned to Paris in 1783, the bucks there, who had before a turn for English manners and dress, became perfect heretics in fashion, being jockeyed in the Newmarket style, and wearing the Prince of Wales's boots and buckskins.

"Another French personage of distinction, who made England his retreat, and obtained the friendship of the Prince of Wales, was the Duke de Lauzun, better known by his subsequent title of Duke de Biron. He had served in America with La Fayette, and there became acquainted with Lord Rawdon.

"At the close of the war, he became possessed of a small villa at Mont-rouge, in the vicinity of Paris. It was completely fitted up in the English style, and was the scene of great festivity. The Duke de Chartres followed the example of Lauzun, at his palace of Monceau, which was tenanted by English domestics. English liberty was extolled, and French despotism reprobated, by which means the revolutionary spirit was spread among the inferior classes of society.

"Lauzun's extravagant habits soon involved him in difficulties, and the revolution increased them. He then repaired to England, and while here succeeded to the title and estates of his uncle, the Duke de Biron; but the one was empty, and the other was locked up by the hand of anarchy. Being in debt which he could not clear, he was arrested, and confined some weeks in the house of a sheriff's officer. In this embarrassment he made known his case to the Earl of Moira, who liberated him, with the assistance of the Prince.

"Biron then returned to France, where he renewed his friendship with the Duke of Orleans, now citizen Egalité; and by his advice he took the command of the revolutionary army of La Vendée. But being considered inactive and aristocratic, he was recalled to Paris, deprived, and guillotined," p. 61—3.

There is something of interest in the following account of Mrs. Fitzherbert; and for like notices of like persons, Mr. Lloyd's book has its attractions:—"Some time after the rupture of the Prince's intercourse with Mrs. Robinson, his Royal Highness formed an acquaintance with a lady of the name of Fitzherbert; and about the beginning of the year 1786, this new connection became sufficiently public to afford matter for general discourse. This lady was several years older than the Prince; but, though rather *emboupoint*, still possessed considerable personal attractions, united with dignified manners and great accomplishments. She was in the enjoyment of a handsome income, and had always borne an irreproachable character. Her family was respectable; she was the daughter of W. Smythe, Esq., of Tonge Castle, and niece to Sir Edward Smythe, Bart., of Acton Burnel,

in the county of Salop, and distantly related to the noble family of Sefton, in the kingdom of Ireland. Her sister was married to Sir Carnaby Haggerstone, Bart. Before the age of twenty she married John Weld, Esq., of Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire, a widower. After his death she became the wife of Mr. Fitzherbert, of Swinerton, in Staffordshire. This gentleman being in London during the riots in 1780, was among the spectators of the destruction of the house of Lord Mansfield. On this occasion he overheated himself, and at his return home had the imprudence to go into a cold bath, which caused his death. Mrs. Fitzherbert then went to Italy, and soon after her return from that country, attracted the notice of the Prince at Brighton. The manner in which the parties behaved to each other, publicly and privately, excited great surprise, and it was at length first whispered, and then confidently asserted, that, to silence the lady's scruples, the ceremony of marriage had been celebrated between them according to the ritual of the Church of Rome, to which communion she belonged. Though the story was on the face of it sufficiently absurd, since those scruples could not be very great which might be removed by the performance of a ceremony notoriously illegal and illusory, it however gained so much credit as to be noticed in the House of Commons, as we shall presently see." 65-6.

Of the question—married or not?—Mr. Lloyd knows nothing, or says nothing.

The next important event was the question of the regency; but there is nothing new, and therefore nothing worth extracting. Of the notorious difference that arose between his Royal Highness and the Jockey Club, the particulars may be worth extracting for the information of many too young to remember the circumstance:—"In the autumn of the year 1791, an extraordinary sensation was excited by a decision of this court, in which the Prince of Wales was concerned, and which proved so offensive to him that he resolved to retire from the turf. On the 20th of October, the Prince's horse, *Escape*, reckoned the best horse on the turf, was beaten at Newmarket by two horses of very inferior reputation. The odds, which were before very high in favour of *Escape*, now changed, and large bets were laid that he would lose the match he had to run the next day; but, to the great disappointment of those who had betted against him, he won the second race. In consequence of these circumstances, the Prince's jockey, Samuel Chifney, who rode *Escape* on the two days, was suspected of false play, and the affair was laid before the Jockey Club. The result was unfavourable to Chifney; and Sir Charles Bunbury informed the Prince, that, if he suffered Chifney to ride his horses, no gentleman would start against him. The Prince replied, that if Sir Charles or any other person could make it appear that Chifney had acted improperly, he would never speak to him again; but that otherwise he would not sacrifice him to any person. Chifney, ten or twelve years after this affair, and shortly before his death, published a curious pamphlet on the subject. Reviewing the matter at this distance of time, it seems that there was but little ground for the suspicion that Chifney had used foul play. The Prince insisted that the Jockey Club should examine him in the strictest manner, and directed him to make affidavits, which he expressed his perfect readiness to do, with respect to the transactions of the two days. From these, it appeared he had no bets at all depending on the first day's race, and only twenty guineas on the second. As for the Prince himself, he had no bets the first, and only four hundred guineas the second; and it would be quite monstrous to suppose that he could be guilty of conspiring with his servant, in order to gain so paltry an advantage. * * * That the Prince chose to retire from Newmarket rather

than submit to the injurious requisition of dismissing his servant, without sufficient proof of his having deserved such a punishment, was more worthy of praise than censure. He thought that Chifney had been ill used, and allowed him an annuity of two hundred guineas. Chifney relates in his pamphlet, that in 1802, at the time of the Brighton and Lewes races, as the Prince was walking on the Steyne with a gentleman, he approached, and told his Royal Highness that they cried out very much for him at Newmarket; to which the Prince replied, 'Sam Chifney, there has never been a proper apology made—they used me and you very ill—they are bad people. I'll not set foot on the ground more.'" p. 135—8.

Relating to the marriage of his Royal Highness, there is again nothing new. Mr. Lloyd points out, with great justice, the cruelty and indelicacy of making such a woman as Lady Jersey an attendant on the young Princess, and infers, with some reason, that it was one cause of the unhappy difference that so soon appeared, and became afterwards so memorable:—

"Considering the intimate connexion which was generally asserted to exist between the Prince of Wales and Lady Jersey, the choice of her ladyship as one of the attendants on the Princess must be allowed to have been, to say the least, a most injudicious step, if not a direct affront to the royal consort; and there is but too much reason to believe that the unhappy differences which but too soon disturbed the harmony of the royal couple, and disappointed the fond expectations of the nation, originated in the artful intrigues of an ambitious and jealous woman.

"Lady Jersey, who had been present during the greatest part of the interview between the Prince and Princess, and had remarked, with a feeling of displeasure, the attentions which the Prince paid to his intended consort, seems to have resolved to avail herself of the time that would elapse before a second interview, to prejudice the Prince against her royal mistress. The Princess, it seems, had incautiously avowed to Lady Jersey a previous attachment to a German prince, but probably not in such strong terms as her ladyship represented; however, on the succeeding day, Lady Jersey apprised the Prince of this previous attachment, avowed by the Princess, with whose person and manners she found much fault.

"On the next day, when the Prince of Wales visited St. James's, he was cool and reserved in his manners, and manifested, if not an aversion to the Princess of Brunswick, at least a considerable alteration in his conduct. Queen Charlotte has been accused of being the individual who effected, or contributed to effect, such alteration; but it seems much more rational to ascribe it to the intrigues of a rival, than to a Princess whose conduct, in every part of her life, places her above the suspicion of such meanness." p. 160—2.

The first quarrel that occurred between these illustrious persons after their marriage, says Mr. Lloyd, "took place one day when the Princess declared her intention of refusing to dine with Lady Jersey when the Prince was not present; and also at any time to converse with her. The Prince insisted on a different line of conduct. He required her to treat Lady Jersey 'as his friend'—to dine with her at all times—and to converse with her, as with the rest of her ladies. She refused so to act, and in fervent language, and in an animated tone, inveighed against the character of Lady Jersey, and required her dismissal. The Prince, on his part, refused to accede to the wishes of the Princess, and left her at Carlton House for some time, angry at her refusal and her conduct.

"The Princess now applied to the King—she explained to him the causes of her unhappiness,

and the conduct of Lady Jersey—and represented her situation as a solitary, traduced, and miserable woman, aggravated especially by her delicate situation. The King interfered—effected a reconciliation—and prevailed on the Prince to give up Lady Jersey, and direct that she should come no more into waiting. Part of that engagement was fulfilled; but the Prince was too much attached to Lady Jersey wholly to abandon her." p. 187-8.

On the suspected abstractions of the Princess's letters, and the wicked use made of them, Mr. Lloyd's observations are sufficiently pertinent; but the particulars are spun out to an intolerable length; and we therefore break off our notice of the work, with some doubts if we shall resume the subject.

An Account of M. Jacotot's method of Universal Instruction. By B. Cornelius, principal of the Pestalozzian School at Epsom. London, 1830. J. Taylor.

THIS is a brief and masterly abstract of the leading principles of M. Jacotot's system, the results of which the writer witnessed at Louvain, under its inventor, and in various establishments in the Netherlands and Paris. In one of our June numbers we devoted ample space to the consideration of the subject.

Mr. Cornelius is of opinion that Jacotot and Pestalozzi "err in opposite extremes—the former looking too exclusively for success to the cultivation of the memorial faculties—the latter directing his attention almost wholly to the reason;"—he therefore prefers the mode of Jacotot for teaching languages, and of Pestalozzi for science. With his remarks on the paramount importance of early and continued moral discipline, we cordially agree.

We are glad to see the spirit of inquiry abroad among our teachers, and must echo the complaint of the author, that in a host of periodicals there is none devoted to education—a circumstance which, involving a poverty of facts, has, he observes, delayed his publication of an extended work. The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge lately announced their intention to supply this desideratum, and we hope they will redeem their pledge.

CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA.—Outlines of History. London, 1830. Longman & Co.

AN attentive examination of this volume has satisfied us that our hasty judgment was correct—it is compiled with great care—written with simplicity—and is one of the most useful of the series that has hitherto appeared.

The Northern Tourist; or, Stranger's Guide to the North and North-west of Ireland. Dublin, Curry, jun. & Co.

AS this is the migrating time with the Londoners, we think it well to notice the appearance of this little volume. It does great credit to the Dublin publishers; indeed we do not remember to have seen any work of the sort "got up" with more care. The paper and print are both good, but the plates are excellent; they would do honour to any work. The beautiful vignette, "Carrie-a-rede," and "Dunluce Castle," are hardly inferior to Turner, and make us desire to see more both of Mr. Petrie's paintings, and Mr. Miller's engravings.

Milman's History of the Jews, examined and refuted on the Evidence of the Scriptures. By T. E. London, Ridgway.

A pamphlet written with zeal and ability. The writer evidently a young man.

The March of Intellect: a Comic Poem. By W. T. Moncrieff, Esq. 8vo. London, 1830. Kidd.

ONE of the illustrated *jeux d'esprit* of the day, which will give entertainment to the lovers of such things. Mr. Moncrieff is not Thomas Hood; but he has here some very tolerable puns; and the subject is well worthy both of his ridicule, and the still more effective wood-cuts by Cruikshank. As a specimen, we quote the following dialogue between a lady, her grandson, and the conductor of an Omnibus:—

Says Mrs. Fubs to Billy Stubbs,
Her grandson, "By what rule
Are these machines call'd Omnibus?
You must have learnt at school."

"Why, grandma, *omni* stands for all,
And *buses*, you know, means *kiss*;
So great or small we must kiss all,
The meaning not to miss."

"Psha, boy!—you're like your uncle Tom,
You're of the selfsame rank;
Tell me where Omnibus comes from?"—
"It comes, Ma, from the Bank!"

"Hey! here's the guard, he jabbars French,
Your larning now, boy, show;
Put to the blush that giggling wench!—
Come, Billy, *parley woe*!"

"You've been brought up in mode *polite*."

"Lord, Ma, you're such a fool!"
"In my young days, to read and write,
Was all we learnt at school."

"But you've learnt Latin, French, and Greek,
So speak to him, boy, do!"
"Well, Ma! if I in French must speak,
Common g'y polly woe!"

"Monsieur! *Je ne vous comprends pas*."

"What does he say, boy?—tell."
"Why, Ma! I ask'd him how he was,
And he said, 'Pretty well.'"

An Outline of the Sciences of Heat and Electricity. By Thomas Thomson, M.D. F.R.S., &c. &c. 8vo. 1830. London, Baldwin & Co.; Edinburgh, Blackwood.

THE science of chemistry has, since the important discoveries of Sir Humphrey Davy and Dr. Wollaston, become so popular a study, as to be considered as much a "part and parcel" of the education of the rising generation, as drawing or music: to be totally unacquainted with this science, would, at the present day, be deemed almost as great an oversight, as an ignorance of the language of our continental neighbours.

The phenomena produced by heat and electricity are among the first and principal objects which would engage the attention of the chemical student, indeed the changes which are occasioned in bodies by the former, and the power which it has on their mode of acting on each other are such, that no one, without first studying its laws, can possibly become a proficient in the science. It has consequently, since the time of Cullen, been customary in this country to devote a part of a chemical course of lectures to explain its effects, and the instruments by which these effects are measured.

The discovery of the chemical decompositions produced by the Voltaic battery was a new era in the annals of chemistry; until that period electricity was considered as a branch of physics totally separate, its inculcation being consigned to the professor of natural philosophy; their connexion, however, appears to be now so evident, that no lectures or treatise on chemistry can be considered perfect, without a part being devoted to that most important science.

A work like the present was much wanted; for what information we possess on the subjects of heat and electricity is so scattered about in a variety of books, as to be beyond the pecuniary means, or the labour, of ordinary students. We have therefore to thank Dr. Thomson for this valuable treatise. It comprises an abridgment

of his lectures on the subject; and no work, we are prepared to say, comprehends a more luminous exposition of these important doctrines, at the same time that they are treated in the plainest and most simple manner.

Family Cabinet Atlas. Part IV. Bull.

THE present part of this little Atlas contains "The World, on Mercator's projection," "Persia and Arabia," "The Birman Empire," and "The United States of North America." Of these delineations, suffice it to say, they are each and all worthy of the artist who has, by the preceding plates of the work, established so fair a claim to public approbation and encouragement.

The Friend of Australia; or, a Plan for exploring the interior, and for carrying on a Survey of the whole continent of Australia. By a retired officer of the Hon. East India Company's Service. Illustrated with a map and five plates. London, 1830. Hurst, Chance & Co.

THIS work came so late to hand, that, not being of temporary interest, we defer our notice for the present. It is certainly one of the goodliest volumes, speaking typographically, we have seen for a long time, and, we suspect, written by one of those pleasantest of visionaries, who pride themselves on being matter-of-fact people.

A Descriptive Catalogue of the Oriental MSS. and other Articles illustrative of the Literature, History, Statistics, and Antiquities of the South of India, collected by the late Lieut. Col. Mackenzie. By H. H. Wilson, Esq. Vol. II. Calcutta, 1828.

THIS collection was amassed with infinite pains and under the most discouraging circumstances by the late Col. Mackenzie, and is the most perfect that ever has, or probably ever will be collected. The account of the MSS. is preceded by a series of luminous dissertations from the pen of Mr. Wilson, already well known to the world as the author of a Sanscrit dictionary. The aggregate number of MSS., including local tracts, is 3638; the inscriptions amount to 8076, the translations to 2159, the plans, drawings, coins, images, and antiquities to 9073. In a geographical and statistical point of view, their value is beyond calculation, and not merely in these departments, but also in the historical and scientific they are capable of reflecting much new light on the antiquities and literature of India: they embrace fourteen languages, and sixteen different characters.

To examine all the MSS. in the space of our limits would be impossible, nor would it be even practicable to give a detail of the very curious legends which many of them contain: these, however, particularly such as relate to the Jains, abound with historical information, so much indeed obscured by fable, that the accurate separation of the one from the other can neither be expected nor effected. Among other curiosities there are Tamul translations of the Ramáyana and several Puráns, a History of the Kings of Chola, which division of India "seems to have been known to the ancients as the Regio Sora and Regio Soretanum."

There are various descriptions of the fabulous origin of the different temples, the incarnation of deities, and elevation of mortals to the divine rank. Of all the works yet published on the literature of the Hindus, there is not one which so amply introduces us to the secret stores which it possesses, or enables us to form so correct a conception of the labours, the researches and invention of this most singular nation. In genealogical and local information this collection is perhaps unsurpassed, nay, unequalled: nor is it simply confined to the San-

scrit, but embraces works in the Canara, Malayalam, Mahratta, Orissa, Hindi, Javanese, Burman, Hindustani, Persian, Arabic, Telugu, Tamil, and many other languages and dialects. The learning and labours of Mr. Wilson entitle him to great praise.

Legendary Tales, in Verse and Prose. Collected by H. F. Talbot, Esq. 12^{mo}. London, 1830. Ridgway.

Mr. Talbot has presented to the lovers of light reading a pretty little volume, the perusal of which, would accord with the voluptuous repose of the summer bower. It contains nine legendary tales in prose and verse, chiefly of the Germanic school, without its horrors. As a favourable specimen, we shall extract largely from "Rubezahl, or the Mountain Spirit," a story, "freely translated from the German of Musæus." The Gnome, Rubezahl, having been crossed in love by a beautiful maiden, retires to the caverns of the earth, where he nurses his sorrow for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. At the end of this period he is prevailed upon to take the air on the lofty Riesenbirge (Giant's Mountain). The sight of fertile fields, flourishing towns, and a happy population, rouses his indignation, and he breaks forth into indignant soliloquy, when his attention is arrested by hearing a poor travelling tailor shouting as in mockery, "Rubezahl you rogue! Rubezahl you villain! where are you? We want to see you!"—a common custom among the peasantry to show their courage, Rubezahl, who in his cavern had known nothing of this insult offered to him for ages, was not a little indignant, and by way of revenge assumed the appearance of the offender, and in this disguise robbed a poor Jew and deposited the stolen treasure in the bag of the travelling tailor; he then led the Jew and the police to the inn, got him apprehended, and sentenced to be hanged. "All the spectators approved the sentence, but none more warmly than the good Samaritan, who had hid the purse in Benedict's bag, and was no other than Rubezahl himself. Already at day-break he was sitting on the gibbet in the form of a Raven, and he felt a Raven's appetite to pick out the eyes of the new comer—but this time he waited in vain. A zealous Monk, who strove to imbue with the odour of sanctity all the criminals whom he accompanied to execution, had found Benedict such a rude shapeless block, that it seemed impossible in so short a time to carve him into a Saint. He therefore demanded a three days respite, which, not without much trouble and threat of the Church's displeasure, he at last obtained. When Rubezahl heard of it he flew into the mountain, to wait there till the day of execution.

"During this interval he wandered in the forests, and in his rambles one day he saw a young girl reposing under a shady tree. Her head leaned sorrowfully upon her hand, and from time to time she sighed and wiped away a rolling tear."

Rubezahl was touched with compassion, and when he found all her sorrows were for the poor condemned tailor, he determined to save his life.—"The Reverend Father Graurock (Grey Cloak) had worked hard during the three days of respite to instruct his prisoner. For the good Benedict was an ignorant layman who could use needle and shears better than his rosary—he always confounded Ave Maria with Pater Noster, and knew not a syllable of his Credo. The zealous monk had all the trouble in the world to teach him the latter, and consumed two whole days in doing so. . . .

"Though Benedict knew he was quite innocent, yet he believed so firmly that his confessor held the keys of Binding and Loosing, that he never reckoned on a revision of his sentence in the next world—so he entreated his Spiritual

Judge for mercy, begging him to remit as much as possible of his punishment: which at length prevailed on his severe instructor not to plunge him in the fire-bath deeper than the knees—but there he stood firm, and in spite of all lamentations refused to abate a single inch beyond. The inexorable monk was just leaving the prison, after wishing good night for the last time to the despairing prisoner, when the invisible Rubezahl met him in the entrance, in doubt how to accomplish his purpose of liberating the poor tailor without depriving the magistrates of Hirschberg of the pleasure of exercising their criminal jurisdiction, for he approved of their prompt dispensation of justice.

"But he speedily hit upon an idea that pleased him. He followed the monk into his Cloister, stole out of the wardrobe a dress of the order, and returned in the shape of Brother Graurock to the prison, which the jailor opened to him with reverence."

The poor tailor is then equipped in the monk's garb, in which there "was such an odour of sanctity that the guards could not scent delinquency underneath it." Not, however, to deprive the worthy people assembled of their anticipated entertainment, Rubezahl determines to undergo the formalities of the execution, and he did so, much more patiently than had been expected from so obstinate a criminal. "When he was pushed from the ladder he danced and kicked about as much as one could desire, and indeed played the game with such spirit that the executioner grew frightened, for a murmur arose in the crowd, and some cried the hangman should be stoned for torturing the poor criminal beyond the law.

"To prevent misfortune, therefore, Rubezahl stretched himself at his length, and pretended to be dead. But when the populace had dispersed, and only a few idlers remaining near the gallows came out of curiosity to view the body, the humourist began his play afresh, and frightened the beholders with horrible grimaces.

"Towards evening a rumour spread through the town that the tailor could not die, but still kept dancing on the gallows: which moved the Senate to appoint a committee to examine into the affair the next morning at daybreak. But when they arrived they found nothing on the gallows but a wisp of straw and a few old rags.

"Whereat the good Senators marvelled in secret—but thinking the less was said of it the better, they silently removed the man of straw, and gave out to the public, 'that the stormy wind had blown the slender tailor, in the night time over the frontier.'"

Thoughts on the Means of preventing the Public Mischiefs which necessarily arise from the great load of Public and Private Business with which the House of Commons is at present overwhelmed. Addressed to the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart. &c. By the Rt. Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart. London, 1830. Sherwood & Co.

THE above pamphlet with the long title, contains one of the worthy and indefatigable Baronet's plans for the remedy of evils, which he has stated in the same letter with great truth and plainness of speech. His remedy, however, seems to us a little visionary;—it is no other than to form a second or supplementary House of Commons, to consist of about 200 members, 100 of whom are to be elected by the counties of the three kingdoms, fifty by the principal cities; the remaining fifty "to be chosen by Manchester, Birmingham, and other towns, which are not represented in the First Chamber." This is something, from a staunch tory and a veteran member.

[Some curious letters of condolence from Charles X. to his Brother Despot of Algiers, on their common disaster, are said to have been intercepted during the late troubles. We are enabled to lay before our readers extracts from some of these, in a version of our own; and we must admit that they are rather freely rendered.]

NO. I.

BROTHER Monarch, do not rue
That I have ta'en Algiers from you;
For by the fixed decrees of Fate
You see it was predestinate,
That I, when once I had unfurled
My war-flag, and my thunders hurled,
Should take *All* jeers from all the world.

NO. II.

Like falling stars we two appear,
Or planets *erring* from their sphere,
Whom some superior Power hath hurled
From the old system of the world.
But cheer up, friend, we yet may shine
In other spheres, by Right Divine,
And, from our ancient orbits thrown,
Move in a *system* of our own,
Where You and I, my worthy brother,
May still revolve round one another;
And, for avoiding all confusion
In such our mutual *revolution*,—
That all things may be ordered right,
And darkness still succeed to light,
Be you my *Dey*—I'll be your Knight.

NO. III.

My very scholars,† t'other day,
From out of PARIS kicked my A;
By which *elision* now you see
Mon cher PARIS, *hélas!* est *PRIS*.

THE DUKE OF MONTPENSIER.

[We think that the following memoir of the captivity of the amiable Duke of Montpensier, the brother of the Duke of Orleans, or, as we must now call him, the King of France, translated and abridged from a work written by himself, will have great interest at the present moment.]

Antoine Philippe d'Orleans, Duke of Montpensier, was born the 3d of July, 1775. At the revolution, he entered the 14th regiment of Dragoons, of which his brother, the late Duke of Orleans and now King of France, was colonel. He fought at Valmy, and his conduct on that day won the following honourable testimony from Kellerman:—"Where it is so difficult to choose, I shall only mention, amongst those who have distinguished themselves for courage, M. de Chartres, and his aide-de-camp M. de Montpensier, whose extreme youth renders the *sang froid* which he preserved under an incessant fire, very remarkable." He again signalized himself at Jemmappe. He was subsequently under the orders of General Biron, who commanded the army of Italy; but in the month of April, 1793, under the decree which denounced all the family of Bourbon, he was arrested at Nice and transferred to the fort of Notre-Dame de la Garde at Marseilles, where the Duke of Orleans,† his father, the Count de Beaujolais, his brother, the Duchess of Bourbon, and the Prince of Conti, were his fellows in captivity. He and the Count de Beaujolais were, for forty-three months, in the prisons of Marseilles, when they were liberated, on condition that the Duke of Orleans, their elder brother, should quit Europe. The interesting correspondence between the Duke and his mother, the visit of the brothers to America and England, and the death of the Duke of Montpensier at Twickenham in 1807, were noticed in our last paper. We now proceed to abridge and quote from the Memoir written by the Duke.

It was on the 8th of April, 1793, that General Biron received the order for his arrest, from the

† Doubtless the modern *Diogenes* had his Polytechnic pupils in his eye.

‡ Egalité.

Committee of Public Safety, with directions to send him under a safe escort to the prisons of the Abbey at Paris. This, the Duke says, he communicated to him with unfeigned sorrow, and immediately assisted in destroying such papers as might be calculated to injure him, before the arrival of the municipal officers, who were sent by the Commissioners of the Convention to take possession of them. He left Nice under the charge of an officer of *gens-d'armes* attended only by his valet Gamache. At Brignolles he mentions that he had a narrow escape from some Jacobins, who surrounded the carriage and asked to see their passports. The officer said he bore despatches for the Convention, and whispered to the Duke, "If I show them my orders, you are lost; knowing you, they will tear you to pieces: but be quiet, they must deprive me of life before they shall attempt yours."

At Aix the Duke was taken before the Municipality; it was in vain the officer in charge, whom they conceived to be an aristocrat in disguise, protested against the delay they were causing to the execution of his orders. The Duke was detained until the administration of the department, which was at Marseilles, could be consulted. Two of the administrators (*administrateurs*) arrived to conduct him to that city, there to remain till an answer could be received from the Convention. He was now placed under the escort of a company of grenadiers of the National Guard, and performed the eight leagues between Aix and Marseilles on foot, exposed to insult and contempt. "Ah!" said one of the guards, "we have cut down the trunk, but the business is only half done unless we pluck up the suckers, for without that the tree may shoot again."

On their arrival at Marseilles he was taken to the palace, and confined four days in a miserable hole, of which it will be better to give the description in his own words. "The president of the department, with others, came to me, and said, in a friendly tone, that I must be tired, and should be conducted to a place where I could rest. You will not find it very convenient, said he, but a soldier knows what it is to pass a bad night, and you may be assured you will not remain there long. Some moments afterwards, these gentlemen told me to follow them, and, after having crossed several corridors, we entered a passage which opened into a very dark court, where I remarked a grating was shut after us. At the end of the passage was a dark hole, about eight feet square, insupportably filthy and offensive, which was only lighted by a little grated breathing-hole looking into the court, so that it was quite dark within, although still broad day-light without. 'Citizen,' said the President, 'we regret we cannot place you in a better place than this. We will order a mattress, chairs, a table, and all you may want, and you will manage very well—good night, citizen.' It was some satisfaction to me to find I was not to be confined in the dark hole, but had liberty to go to the grating, which was at the end of the passage. I took advantage of it and asked if I could not have a light. When one was brought me, I wished to return to my hole to rest, but, such was the damp and stench, that it was impossible. I complained, and my gaoler offered to burn a faggot in it, which I accepted with pleasure." His valet, who had been in his service from his childhood, had obtained permission to wait upon him in prison, and even to do commissions for him in the town, on condition of being attended by a guard, and of being searched as he went in and out.

He passed the remainder of the twelve days of his confinement in comparative comfort; his chief annoyance arose from the constant presence of the municipal officers, who did not even allow his nights to pass undisturbed. At the end of the twelve days he was moved in the middle of

the night to the fort of Notre-Dame de la Garde, where he found his father and the Count Beaujolais; the room assigned to him was comfortable, and he was allowed such exercise as the short walk within the fort admitted, together with free intercourse with his relatives during the day. "It was three or four days after our arrival at Notre Dame," says the Duke, "that, breakfasting with my father and Beaujolais, we were interrupted by the visit of three administrators, an officer, and two armed soldiers of the National Guard; the room was so small that it would hardly hold them. 'Citizens,' said one of the administrators, 'we are sorry to interrupt you, but we have just received orders which we must execute. Intercourse between the members of the Bourbon family henceforth will not be permitted; the elder of your sons must immediately retire to his room; the younger will be allowed to remain with you, but not to communicate with his brother. Come, citizen,' said he, addressing me, 'obey the law.' A sentinel was placed at my door and another at my father's, but, by some strange inconsistency, Gamache was permitted to enter both our rooms to wait upon us." At Notre Dame they remained more than a month.

At length the Duke and his brother were removed to Fort Saint-Jean, where their father had been taken some days previously. "We were placed in the middle of a battalion, each of us flanked on the right and left by a municipal officer, who held our arms and would not leave their hold for an instant. In two hours we arrived at the fort; the march was fatiguing, on account of the great heat, and the multitude, who, notwithstanding our numerous escort, stopped us at each step to pour abuse on us. Had any one told us, as we crossed the drawbridge, that we should not recross it for three years and a half, the information would have been more frightful than the certainty of our arrest and death; yet he would have told us the truth." On their arrival, the Duke was taken to a miserable dungeon, where he passed the night with his faithful Gamache.

"The next morning the little light which penetrated our grated breathing-holes was sufficient to show us all the horror of our new dwelling. In addition to the colour of the walls of our vault, which were absolutely black, here and there were fixed in them rings of iron, intended to chain desperate criminals to, or to confine those on whom the greatest rigour was practised. It was now the middle of summer, and it was scarcely possible to endure the heats of Provence in a dungeon through which the air could not circulate. In spite of the damp of our wretched dwelling, we passed the day stripped to our shirts. We tried to burn twigs of vine to render the place more wholesome, but the smoke suffocated us, and we were obliged to discontinue it. Often overcome by the heat and the want of fresh air, we flew each to his breathing-hole, and, pressing our faces close to the bars, inhaled with all our force the little quantity of air which could reach us."

The first day he was allowed to see his father; but though the proximity of their prisons was such, that they were within call of each other, three months afterwards passed without their being allowed to meet; and during that time the Duke did not once set his foot over the threshold of his chamber door. He occasionally spoke to his brother, who was obliged to pass his room in going out to take the exercise which was allowed him; and one day, passing as the Duke's dinner was serving, he rushed in, in spite of the officers.

"Six weeks had elapsed since I had seen him; the moment was delightful, but short. They tore him from me, and threatened to confine him to his chamber, if the like ever recurred. Afterwards I was not allowed, when the door was

open, to approach it, that I might breathe the air which came up the confined staircase."

Notwithstanding the repeated petitions he sent to the administrative body, and the constant protests he made, precautions daily increased. Knives, razors, scissors, pointed instruments of every sort, were taken from him—the loaves were cut in quarters—the poultry cut open and scrupulously inspected—even the fruit was submitted to a like examination. At length the troops of General Carteaux took possession of the fort, and under their new keepers circumstances improved. Through the kindness of two sergeants who had the charge of them, the Duke and his father again met; and "at the end of a few days, one afternoon the officer of the guard came into our prison, and said, 'Come, citizens—come and take the air; it is too cruel to stifle you in this manner! I will take the consequence upon myself.' We followed him with a delight easy to imagine, assuring him of our gratitude. To understand the effect of broad daylight and pure air, after having been a long time deprived of them, must be felt. I was at first so dazzled, that for some seconds I could not walk; then I felt a sort of intoxication which made me stagger, and at the same time a buzzing in my ears, which rendered me deaf to all that was said to me. It was at least a quarter of an hour before I could really enjoy the benefit which was granted me. Our walk was on a little terrace adjacent to the tower where we were confined. We were permitted to remain there an hour and a half; and as night fell, we returned to our dungeons."

Their situation continued more or less irksome, according to the kindness or caprice of those who had the charge of them, till the month of October; on the 23d of which month, says the Duke, "I was awake at five in the morning by my unhappy father, who entered my dungeon with the wretches who were taking him to slaughter. 'I come, my dear Montpensier, to say adieu to you.' I was so overcome that I could not utter a word: in a flood of tears I pressed him to my heart. 'I wished,' added he, 'to go without taking leave,—always a painful effort,—but I could not resist the desire of once more seeing you. Adieu, my child; cheer up—console your brother, and both of you think how happy we shall be when we meet again.'" With their father they lost their faithful valet, who left them to attend on him. The news of their father's execution filled up the measure of their misery; but accustomed to consider that a similar fate was to be their own, they at length brought themselves to look upon it with composure. "Thus," continues the Duke, "we found ourselves able to beguile the time with reading; and we subscribed to a library, whence we were allowed to receive books when they had undergone examination."

The department had, from their arrival at Marseilles, and by order of the Convention, paid all the bills of the purveyor who furnished their table. All at once payment was refused, and their allowance confined to twenty-five francs in assignats daily, equivalent to about eight francs in money. On this subject they made earnest representations to their keepers, and received the money themselves, instead of its being given to the purveyor. Their servant cooked for them in their prison. From this arrangement, as they had not then one farthing more than this miserable pittance, they were in hopes to economize something for their washing, and other necessary expenses. At this time they received a letter from their mother, informing them of a remittance she had made to them of 12,000 francs. This sum they afterwards heard was received by the gentlemen (*Messieurs*) of the district, but never reached them; with very little exception their situation underwent no change throughout the winter.

They were allowed to read the public papers, which, says the Duke, "we never took up without a repugnance, which only yielded to the deep interest we had in learning whose loss we had to deplore, and if our names were not also on the list of the proscribed."

On the 1st of May, 1794, they were removed from the tower in which they had been confined since the 1st of June, 1793, to apartments in another part of the fort. This change took place in consequence of a visit from the commissioners of the administration of the department, which was occasioned by a petition from the Prince de Conti, who for some time had been confined in the tower with them.

By the exertions of one Larguier,—who had been attorney to the commune of Marseilles, and who, for some offence given to the Jacobins, was imprisoned in fort Saint-Jean,—they recovered a part of the sum which had been remitted by their mother, amounting to nearly six hundred francs in money. Shortly afterwards, by incessant application, a decree was obtained from the committees of the Convention, by which they were allowed to walk in any part of the fortress. The delight with which this information was received may readily be conceived, and, as their parole was not demanded, the hopes of escape were open to them. The chief difficulty was, how to procure a vessel to take them to Genoa, and the doubt whether the money they possessed would be sufficient for the purpose. But as prisoners have seldom the choice of the means they employ, they are forced to risk everything, and confide in others. Two young men, of whom one had been page to the king, had been brought to the fort sometime before as royalists; and after general assurances of zeal and devotion, they offered to assist in their escape, and the Duke and his brother resolved to attempt it. For this purpose they were obliged to trust their little property to their assistants, who decamped with every farthing.

In February, 1795, their lodgings were again changed. The windows of their new apartments were not barred, and looked upon the sea, but there was little cause of anxiety to their keepers on that account, as, from their extreme height, it was not thought probable they would offer the means of escape. In consequence of the better order of national affairs, their treatment now improved; they obtained the remainder of their mother's remittance, and a sum of seventy-two Louis-d'ors was sent to them by the person with whom the Duke left it, when he was arrested at Nice. A person named Grippe being appointed Commandant of the fort, a violent Jacobin, who was in the habit of getting drunk every day, they determined to attempt their escape before they were again thrown into some dungeon, perhaps never to leave it. Through the agency of one who had assisted the escape of a prisoner some time before, blank passports were purchased from a scribe of the municipality, who made his bread by this traffic, and a bargain was made with a Tuscan captain to take two young men and their servants on board his vessel, which was to sail in three or four days for Leghorn. The day of the ship's departure was fixed. "We now prepared," says the Duke, "to make our escape. We had previously sent out by Louis [their servant], at several times, the few things we wished to take with us; we were to pass the night at the house of a relation of the person who had managed the whole affair, afterwards to embark, and to sail at break of day. After a light dinner, for our anxiety left us little appetite, we waited impatiently, till darkness would permit us to execute our great project.

It was the 18th of November; at half past five it was quite dark, and a quarter past was in consequence fixed for our departure. We agreed not to go out together, that there might be less cause for suspicion, that Beaujolais and Louis

should go first, that I should follow alone a few minutes afterwards, and that I should join them on the fort, where they would wait for me by walking slowly. In case I should not join Beaujolais in ten minutes, it was to be understood, that it was impossible for me to leave by the draw-bridge, and that he should wait with a boat for me at the port. Before starting, Louis went to reconnoitre the environs of the draw-bridge, to satisfy himself that neither Commandant nor any person who would know us was there. When he had made a favourable report, I embraced Beaujolais with the deepest agitation; I could hardly separate myself from him to let him go, although I hoped in a few minutes to rejoin him. He departed with the trusty Louis. The five minutes which passed after he left me, appeared insupportably long: at the end of it, hearing nothing, I folded myself in my cloak, drew my hat over my eyes, after having doubly locked the door of our room, flattering myself I should never return to it. I passed four sentinels, none of them stopped me—I crossed the fatal bridge—and believing myself at liberty, I returned sincere thanks to heaven for my deliverance. But I reckoned without my host, and the proverb lied not. Scarcely had I advanced a few steps but I met the cursed Commandant of the fort, who was returning home. I immediately knew him by the white cloak which he wore; but, putting on a good countenance, I hoped he would not know me. Vain hope! he accosted me, asking where I was going; 'What is that to you, Citizen? I do not know you.'—'I am Commandant of the fort, and I saw you come out of it.'—'That is true, I have been dining with a gunner, one of my friends, and I should have told you immediately, had I known you.'—'No, you are a prisoner, and you will have the goodness to return, for I am accountable for you.'—'You are deceived, I assure you, and you take me for another.'—'No, you are the elder Orleans, and I repeat, unless you instantly return, I will call a guard to seize you.'—'That violence will be useless; I have no intention to resist; I was going to the play, where I have often been without your knowledge; as I have been unfortunate enough to meet you this evening, I shall lose the pleasure, that's all.'—'Oh! I answer for it you shall, I will take care of that; from this time I will confine you to your room, and place a sentinel at your door.'—'Thank you for this kind care, I wish you good night.' So saying, I sorrowfully ascended the staircase of the fort, followed by a corporal and fusilier; I was in despair. After having thought myself at liberty, I saw before me obstacles the greater, as without doubt every means would be taken to hinder my overcoming them. There was not a minute to lose, and since they had been imprudent enough to put me into my room, which looked upon the sea, the only thing was to take advantage of it, and leave it by the window, as quietly as possible. I found our servant Françoise at the door; she was in the secret, and was confounded at seeing me. Before she had time to express her surprise, I took her in with me, and the sentinel not having shut our door, I took the key inside, and locked it. 'My dear Françoise, the cursed Commandant recognized me; he was entering the fort as I went out; he has threatened to shut me up, and, since fortunately I am in this room, you must assist me, without losing a moment, to tie the rope (which had been provided in case of need) to the window; for, this opportunity lost, it perhaps may not be possible for me to escape.' 'My God!' said she, in her *patois*, 'you will break your neck, and I shall be guillotined!' Then she burst into tears. I told her if she had nothing but tears and lamentations to offer me, she had better go, and let me manage without assistance, for my mind was made up. The

poor woman then protested she would not forsake me, that her uneasiness was only on my account, and as I had determined to escape by the window, she would not go till she saw me at the bottom. Having tied the rope to a kind of screw-ring which was fixed to the window, desiring her to see that it did not come untied, and assuring her how highly I prized her attachment, I sprang out and trusted myself to the treacherous rope. Hardly had I descended half the height, about thirty feet, when it broke, and I fell senseless, having, however, time to hear the good Françoise exclaim that the poor child was killed. When I revived, I found it was bright moonlight, and I was up to the middle in the sea. I felt much pain across the loins and in my right foot, which I thought, thanks to the sand on which I had fallen, was only sprained. Having waited some time for the boat Beaujolais was to bring, I determined to swim across the port, and afterwards to reach, as well as I could, the house of rendezvous, or some other where I should be as secure."

He then finds that his foot is broken, and he is only able to reach the chains of the port, to which, immersed in water, he clung for two hours, during which time several boats passed him without notice. At length he was taken up, just in time to preserve his life, for he was rapidly sinking, from exhaustion and cold. By his direction he was taken to the house of one Maugin, but in his way was recognized by one of the crowd which surrounded him, by whom the guard was alarmed. The next day he was taken back to the fort, where he met his brother, who had returned there when he heard of the fatal accident, not choosing to be parted from him. They remained prisoners for many months, as it was not till October, 1796, that the Directory issued the decree which gave them the liberty they sought for in a distant land.

The volume from which this interesting Memoir is abridged, is not very generally known in this country, but has been reprinted in the "Collection des Mémoires relatives à la Révolution Française."

UPON THE ELECTION TO THE FRENCH THRONE OF PHILIP, FORMERLY PRINCE OF CHARTRES.

THE French have nobly, wisely done,
To drive those tyrants from the throne;—
(Monarchs—fit only to be martyrs,)—
They have given to the sacred cause
Of freedom, justice, and the laws,
A Philip, in the Prince of Chartres.

GOETHE, SCHILLER, AND MADAME DE STAEL.

MADAME de Staël travelled at the end of 1803 and in the beginning of 1804, in company with Messrs. Benjamin Constant and August W. von Schlegel, through Germany, collecting the materials for her work on that country. It was composed with the aid of the latter of those gentlemen, but suppressed by the tyranny of Bonaparte, who, under pretence that the French were not yet reduced to look up to foreign nations for models of imitation (*que nous ne sommes pas encore réduits à chercher des exemples parmi d'autres nations*), was really afraid to see Germany and its inhabitants held up as an example to his subjects, as it had once been by Tacitus to the wily Roman, when he bent his neck to Tiberius. During this journey the authoress made a stay of some months at the Court of Weimar, which was at that time the focus of German literature, and was daily attended by such men as Goethe, Schiller, John von Mueller (the historian), Wieland, Herder, and others. Her judgment on these eminent men is before the public; indeed,

she had once threatened Goethe that it should not be wanting. It may therefore be interesting to ascertain the counter opinion of two of these worthies on that score; and this we may infer from the following fragments of their private correspondence.

Schiller, when finishing his tragedy of "Wilhelm Tell," writes on the 21st of December to Goethe, who was at that time living some miles from Weimar, and had not yet seen this lady—

"Madame de Staël will appear to you just what you will have imagined her to be. She is all of a piece, and there is no trait in her that is foreign, false, or pathological. This is the reason why it is agreeable to live in her society, notwithstanding the immense difference of our dispositions and manner of thinking—and why you may hear everything from her, and say anything to her. She is a fac-simile of the cultivation of the human mind in France, and exhibits it in a very interesting light. Notwithstanding all our speaking and explaining and arguing about what is called philosophy (metaphysics), there is an eternal contradiction about her. But her disposition and feeling are superior to her reasoning, and her eminent intelligence nearly treads upon the power of genius. She thinks herself able to explain, understand, and appreciate every subject, never allowing that there may be obscure and unapproachable subjects. Where she cannot bring light with her torch, there she thinks nothing is to be found. Hence, her unutterable horror at intellectual philosophy, which she conceives to lead inevitably to mysticism; but superstition is the irrespirable gas that would kill her. She has no power of perception for what we call 'poetry.' In works of fiction she can only appropriate the general outline, or the passionate and the rhetorical parts; but, though she will not always recognize what is right, no false appearance can deceive her. You see by these few words, that the perspicuity, the decision, and the intellectual sprightliness of her nature, are formed to produce a favourable impression. The only disagreeable thing about her is the uncommon volubility of her tongue, which obliges the auditor, who wishes to follow her, to become all ear. But being able with the little practice I have in speaking French to get on tolerably with her, you, who are so much more *au fait*, will possess far greater facility for conversing with her."

Goethe, who finds Madame de Staël a very Paul Pry, and thinks it "a sin against the Holy Ghost to accord in the least point with her sentiments," expresses himself in the following terms, after having seen her at different times. "To-day was the first time I received Madame de Staël under my roof. It is always the same impression she makes. With all possible external politeness, she behaves uncivilly enough to us hyperboreans, whose capital old firs and oaks, iron and amber, she allows might be employed to useful and ornamental purposes. Meanwhile, we are obliged to employ old tapestry as presents to the guests, and rusty weapons for our self-defence."

There is a remarkable coincidence between the judgments of these two great German poets and that of the illustrious bard whom good men deplore, as a noble victim to the Greek cause. Sentiments in accordance with theirs are expressed in various parts of the extracts from Lord Byron's journals, published in Mr. Moore's admirable life of his deceased friend; but we shall here confine ourselves to one solitary sentence: "Her society is overwhelming—an avalanche that buries one in glittering nonsense—all snow and sophistry."

TO SOLITUDE.

"All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
I make my moan."—Pope.

FROM young days upwards I had held a dream
Of thee, oh Solitude, which now, alas!
I find was false as ever was a theme
Of things that *might*, but never come to pass!
I thought thou wert a spirit of the hills,
Sportive or sad, as the wild scene might be;
Here dancing with light Hope on misty rills—
There musing in a gloom with Memory!
I thought thou wert a feeling of the soul,
Calm, deep, and holy—quiet as a well
That lies far down, away from winds' control,
In the depth-shadow of a lonely dell,
From which our thought could pierce the dull
intense—

The clouded brightness of society,—
And measure the vast space, the chasm immense
Between lip-speech and heart-sincerity!
I thought thou wert a thing to be enjoyed
With those we loved, and said they loved us well;
But no, no, Solitude! thou hast destroyed
My hopes, and lured me by a treacherous spell!
Thou'st led me—where? not 'mid the forest
wild—

Not up the hills ambitious of the skies—
Not by sweet streams where Naiad nature
smiled—

Not through green woodlands fill'd with melodies!
Thou'st led me where I find me all alone,
Not the still Solitude that I had dreamed,
But amid former friends, whose smiles are gone;
'Mid changed eyes that once with welcomes
beamed—

Eyes that still keep their beauty, as a star
In the cold distance of a winter's sky,
Not less in lustre, only seems more far
Than when the warmth of summer eve was nigh!
Alas! the warmth that made me feel them bright
Is chilled and dead, and nothing now is left
But the sad sense that *they* still beam their light,
But *I* of all its notice am bereft!

W.

A FEW DAYS AT MADEIRA.

[We are greatly obliged by being favoured with the following extract from the unpublished Journal of Mr. D. L. Richardson, on his second voyage to India. We have no doubt it will be gratifying to his literary friends thus to hear of him.]

Madeira, February 20, 1829.

WE arrived here early this morning, after twenty days' sail from England. Our passage was tempestuous and disagreeable. It is nearly eleven years since I touched here before, on my way to India; a joyous and thoughtless cadet just entering into life. What changes have I since experienced, and with what different feelings do I now gaze around me. I reflect with surprise and contempt upon the follies of my youth, and have a suspicion that eleven years hence I shall regard my present mind and habits in the same manner as I now look upon the past.

When I was last at this island, the autumn had not expired. The country was mantled with luxuriant vines, and the markets teemed with a variety of delightful fruits and vegetables. But it is now the winter season, and the scenery is less attractive. The only fruits and vegetables that are procurable at the present time, are pumpkins, bananas, guavas, oranges, lemons, and shadocks. We remained at Madeira for six days. The whole of the passengers during this time resided at the British hotel, kept by a Mr. Putron, (from Guernsey,) who treated us with much attention, and made us very comfortable at a moderate charge. Every morning after breakfast, a number of horses were brought to the door, and all of us, including the ladies, took pleasant rides about the island, which, though not viewed to advantage at this season of the year, is not without its charms. The numerous hills and valleys, with the various glimpses of the sea, are very picturesque, and it is evident to the stranger from the manner in which the vine plantations are disposed, that the scenery in the summer months must be exquisitely rich and beautiful.

On the morning of our arrival, we were informed that the island was in a state of great political excitement, the people being divided into two parties; the one declaring for Don Miguel, and the other for Don Pedro. The Governor and his two sons, (who were of the former party,) attended by troops of soldiers bearing torches and a large picture of Don Miguel, and followed by a ragged rabble, had paraded the streets at night for the last three weeks, insulting every one they met with who did not echo the cry of "Viva Don Miguel!" and attacking and pillaging the houses of English merchants who had refugees under their hospitable roofs, or whose politics were suspected. We were told also that on Sunday and the two following days the anniversary of Don Miguel's ascension to the throne would be kept with great pomp and splendour, and that the disaffected, particularly the English, would be furiously attacked and their houses pillaged. We found all these reports greatly exaggerated. The two parties spoken of did exist, but there was no violent rupture—and though the Governor and his followers paraded through the streets at night attended as described, no persons were insulted, and the music they played as they passed under our windows was delightful. The Governor appears to have taken these strange rambles partly for his own amusement, and partly in consequence of the accounts that had reached him of night disturbances amongst the inhabitants.

On Monday morning we went to the Roman Catholic Cathedral, which was superbly hung with crimson and yellow silk, fringed with gold-lace. There was also an extraordinary profusion of artificial flowers and long wax tapers, in elaborately wrought silver candlesticks. The altar was particularly splendid. Grand Mass was performed by the Bishop before the Governor and his suite. After the service, which was solemn and impressive, the Bishop left the cathedral in grand procession, with a silver cross borne before him.

On our return to the hotel, Mrs. W. our fellow passenger, was much pleased by the attention paid her by some of the Guard at the Custom House, who leant over a balcony immediately opposite our apartment, and sang various beautiful Portuguese airs with taste and feeling. Mrs. W. sat down to a piano and endeavoured to accompany them. When the soldiers noticed this, they very carefully repeated their songs with great slowness and precision, until she had caught the tunes. Her husband rewarded their civility with some pistareens and cigars.

In the evening, the town of Funchal being illuminated, we all sallied out together, and, contrary to our expectations, were not in the slightest degree insulted or molested by the Miguelites, though the favourable reception of Donna Maria in England could not make the appearance of an English party at such a moment a very welcome sight. *Glory to the House of Braganza! Long live Don Miguel!* and similar exclamations, were raised by the populace amidst the explosion of rockets and fireworks. At every loyal cry the people slightly lifted up their small peaked caps, which is their usual mode of salutation. On the whole, the town was neither so brilliantly nor so generally illuminated, as we had been led to expect. In some houses there was not a single light, and in others, nothing but a dim and solitary lamp in one of the windows. The fireworks usually displayed at an English school on the 5th of November are superior to those used on this occasion. In no instance was there an exhibition of much taste or ingenuity in the arrangements of the lights. But the three days of public merriment passed without a single disturbance, and this circumstance is more creditable to a people than a display of lamps and rockets, however startling and magnificent.

On Wednesday we rode out on horseback, to the country seat of Don Juan de Caballero, a Portuguese gentleman, who is now in England. It is pleasantly situated a few miles from Funchal. The roads, which are very narrow and rudely paved with small oblong stones of a reddish colour, wind very romantically over the slopes of mountains and sometimes on the extreme edge of deep and rugged ravines. So sure-footed are the native horses that we galloped furiously down the steepest hills, though the pavements were slippery and ill-arranged. The grooms on foot kept up with us as well as the Syces in India would have done, and only occasionally relieved themselves by holding the horses

tails. On arriving at the lodge, we dismounted and rambled about the grounds with much delight. The cool leafy avenues, the crystal ponds glittering with gold and silver fish, the sparkling fountains, the elegance of the ornamental buildings, the orange, lemon, and shaddock trees laden with fruit, and the variety and novelty of the plants and flowers in the garden, formed altogether a scene of enchantment to us after our voyage, that truly refreshed and exhilarated our spirits.

We spent a pleasant morning during our stay here in visiting a convent, which is half way up one of the hills, and overlooks the town. On our arrival at the convent, we were shown up a narrow staircase, that led us into a small square apartment, the white walls of which were covered with the names of visitors. Nearly one whole side of this apartment was divided from a larger one, by a double range of grating, behind which were a pair of black folding-doors. We had not been many minutes in the room, when the doors slowly opened, and discovered the decent, well-dressed forms, of two or three ancient nuns, who brought us several kinds of sweetmeats and artificial flowers for sale. An extravagant price was demanded for the articles, and very few of us made any purchases. It was inquired, among other things, in the course of conversation with them,—which was held through the medium of Mr. Putron's little boy, who spoke both Portuguese and English very fluently,—whether they were weary of their monotonous duties and their long imprisonment. They replied, that nothing was less wearisome than serving God, and that confinement from this world was freedom from vanity and care.

The town of Funchal, as you first approach it from the sea, has the appearance of a heap of white stones rolled down from the mountains. It is immediately on the sea-shore. The harbour is not a convenient one for shipping, and is entered with danger, on account of the extreme unsteadiness of the winds, which shift alternately from land and sea. The streets of Funchal are very narrow, and paved with small black oval stones, which are worn flat and smooth by the wine-drays, that are drawn slidingly along by oxen. The driver stands upright, and balances himself very steadily on the after end of the dray, and pricks his cattle when they lag, with a small iron pike affixed to the end of a wooden pole. There are no gigs, cabs, or carriages in the island, nor would there be much room for them in the streets. The houses are generally white-washed at first, but soon become stained and dirty, and, being roofed irregularly with loose red tiles, they present a very mean appearance: even the largest and most respectable are so much neglected, that their ruinous exteriors, and the rusty iron gratings at the windows, make them look more like old prisons than the private residences of genteel families.

The inhabitants, who are almost all Portuguese, are short in stature, shabby in their dress, awkward in their manners, and dirty in their habits. They are said to be quarrelsome among themselves, though of this I cannot speak from observation. We found them generally civil to strangers, though willing enough to impose upon them in all affairs of sale or purchase. The women have handsome black eyes, but in other respects are not very personable.

SOCIETY OF COTEMPORARIES AT ST. GALL.

[From a German Periodical.]

The little capital of this canton possesses a population of about nine thousand souls. From time immemorial there has existed a custom within its walls, which, we believe, stands without a precedent in any other spot under the sun. At a certain period of their lives, all the male inhabitants who chance to have been born in the same year, meet together for the purpose of instituting a society of cotemporaries. The age of thirty is the time usually fixed upon for its establishment: and from that moment, it resembles a species of magic circle, over which none may step, and into which none are admitted, in opposition to the law of nature. The birthday of each member is duly registered, and the first meeting is called by the individual, who happens to be oldest, or to be most popular

among his colleagues: it is his province to open it with an address, which exhibits the experience, exertions, and aim of the generation, which is about to assume moral consistency, and so far stands aloof from the rest of its civic brotherhood, who, however, on their parts, are members of some similar association. When this address is concluded, the society proceed to nominate a committee of management, consisting of a president, treasurer, secretary, and clerk. Every member goes by the name of "brother," and a general fund is established for assisting indigent brethren, and providing for the expense of extraordinary festivities. The president convokes a general meeting once a year, and at this meeting, the committee make a report of their proceedings. It is closed by a joyous revel. The contributions are voluntary, and the common treasury is replenished with legacies and donations of all sorts: so much so, that, on many occasions, some of the members have been known to present large sums of money towards the support of the association. The last survivor is heir to whatever chattels or monies belong to the society. After the age of sixty, their ranks become rapidly thinner, and at that of seventy, they dwindle down in general to the one residuary legatee and heir-at-law, who keeps up the society's anniversary, by paying a solemn visit to the graves of his former colleagues.

EDNAM, THE BIRTHPLACE OF THOMSON.

To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.

Bath, 10th August.

SIR,—The delightful notice of Thomson in your last number, induces me to believe that the writer, and yourself, and perhaps your readers generally, may be interested in knowing that Ednam, in Roxburghshire, where he was born, has recently passed into the possession of Lord Dudley, who, on his advancement to an Earldom, took the title of Viscount Ednam.

Your obedient servant,
M. A.

EDUCATION IN TURKEY.

It will afford our readers no little gratification to learn, by the subsequent extract of a letter from Smyrna, that, in a land where mutual instruction was general some ages before the times of Bell and Lancaster, the attention of men appears once more directed to the subject of education.

"A Protestant school, which is indebted both for its maintenance as well as institution, to a society of philanthropists in the United States, has been opened here under the superintendence of a Mr. Brewer. Its objects are at present limited to the teaching of Latin and the living languages. The terms are not more than forty shillings a quarter, and the fund derived from them is applied in discharge of minor disbursements: the salaries of the rector and professors being defrayed by the American Society. The children of indigent parents are received and clothed gratuitously: but no religious distinctions whatever are a bar to admission, although the Catholic clergy have prohibited the children of their communion from frequenting it. There is a separate school also for girls, which is admirably conducted by Mrs. Brewer and another American lady.

"We have great hopes, that the government itself is becoming alive to the advantage of possessing a less ignorant race of subjects: for, about four days since, our collector-general of customs, Mashum-bey, a young man of some personal attainments, paid a visit to the seminary, which Messrs. Calderbank and Sacchetti, have established in Burnabad, a neighbouring village. He inquired most minutely into all its various ar-

rangements, inspected every part of it, and endeavoured to make himself master of the several points connected with the system of instruction pursued under its roof. On parting, he paid the masters many and amply-merited compliments on the order and neatness which characterized every department."

Smyrna, 13th June.

LONDON UNIVERSITY.

MR. DALE, the professor of English Literature, has resigned his office, and the council has advertised for candidates to fill the vacancy. A rumour has also reached our ears, that Dr. Turner, the professor of chemistry, is a candidate for the same chair in King's College, but we cannot credit this—notwithstanding the recent unhappy display of want of temper and judgment. We are glad to announce that the Medical Schools will open on the 1st of October, with every prospect of a prosperous course. Dr. Connolly will deliver an introductory lecture. We are happy to state that the eminent talents of Mr. Bell are still secured to the University—that highly-gifted teacher remains. The anatomical department will in future be under the united direction of Mr. Patterson and Mr. Bennett.

The Theatre of Anatomy will be rendered more convenient, and various improvements will be made in the laboratories of Drs. Thomson and Turner, previous to the opening.

LONDON UNIVERSITY SCHOOL.

WE are glad, though not surprised, to hear, there is every prospect of this school succeeding to the utmost wishes of its promoters. Nearly forty scholars are entered; and as it will not open till the 1st of November, we apprehend there will be little doubt of the projected number being complete by that time.

FINE ARTS.

WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.

The durability of water-colour paintings, or, as they are improperly termed, drawings, is a subject that deserves some investigation, because the patronage of many of our artists greatly depends on the public feeling in that respect. Water-colour drawings are subject to change from two causes, namely, the partial destruction of the paper on which they are painted, and the alteration of the colours themselves. The injury to the paper is occasioned chiefly by damp, and the defect appears in the form of black spots or patches called mildew. These patches proceed from the decomposition of the glue in the paper, assisted, perhaps, by something like incipient vegetation. Drawings hung upon damp walls, or kept in portfolios or drawers in a damp room, are subject to be so affected, and when once that takes place, there is no remedy. The damp, however, does not *always* spoil drawings, and many instances are to be found of the glue being completely decomposed in the paper, and no spots appearing on the drawing.

The colours are principally affected by light, and though of late years drawings have been much improved by the invention of more durable pigments, and the substitution of others not formerly used in this style of painting, yet it does not appear that drawings can be made perfectly durable, if they are incautiously exposed for a long time to intense light; and those persons who regard the value of drawings will do well not to hang them up near windows having a southern or western aspect, particularly in the country, or, indeed, in any situations exposed to the direct rays of the sun. But if drawings are made with proper attention to the employment of the most durable colours now in use, and hung up out of the sun, in a dry situa-

tion, we do not hesitate in saying that they are durable, and (as we shall have occasion to remark,) sometimes more durable than freshly-painted oil pictures.

Many drawings made forty or fifty years ago are certainly much faded, but not to the degree that most persons imagine: the progressive improvement in the art, has gradually produced a stronger and more vivid style of colouring, and thus the old drawings would appear faded even if they had suffered no change at all since they were painted.

This improvement owes its origin to the superior manufacture of paper, which permits the artist to wet it repeatedly without destroying its good qualities, and, as in England alone such paper has been made, it is not surprising that the English artists should be superior to all others in their coloured drawings. It is really true that, even at the present day, no paper is made throughout the Continent that is perfectly adapted to water-coloured drawings, and the artists who would practise that art abroad are obliged to procure English paper for the purpose.

Drawings, however, possess one advantage over oil-paintings, and that is in the permanence of the *high lights*; for, as the paper itself is left nearly untouched in such parts, no change or diminution of intensity of the lights can ever take place: whereas, in oil-painting, the lights, being composed of a body of white lead, are subject to a gradual change arising from the action of certain gases on the lead, together with the slow combustion which every dried oily vehicle gradually undergoes. The varnish with which such pictures are generally covered, also experiences a similar change, and turns of a brownish colour. Thus the tone of the picture becomes gradually more sombre, and though some paintings are even better for such a change, a great many are much worse even after a few years. Deeply-coloured historical subjects can well bear a change, that is very detrimental to the effect of a brilliantly painted landscape; and, in general, the brighter the lights of any picture are, the less will it bear any diminution of that brightness.

THE PLATE PRESENTED TO EDWARD BLOUNT, ESQ., BY THE ROMAN CATHOLICS.

THERE is very little modern plate that is worth anything beyond the intrinsic value of the material—none, that reminds us of the laborious skill of the old Italian jewellers, when workmen in gold and silver were artists of high fame and reputation; we must not, therefore, judge of this work by what we have seen, but what we are accustomed to see; and may then acknowledge it to be one of great beauty—the design chaste and simple—and the execution very creditable to the artist employed. It is a well-deserved and flattering testimony of the opinion entertained by the Catholics of Mr. Blount's zeal and integrity; though hardly more gratifying to him than the voluntary contributions of the orphan children of a school founded by his exertions. The following inscription is on a small silver urn, containing ten shillings in copper money:—"In the year 1830, the British Catholics, on recovery of their political rights, presented to their Secretary, Edward Blount, Esq., a splendid piece of plate; and, on the same occasion, the poor Orphan Children of a Catholic Charity School spontaneously tendered to his acceptance this half-sovereign."

The plate was executed by, or under the direction of Mr. Lewis, of St. James's Street.

The Spaniel. Richard R. Reinagle. John Webb. Moon, Boys & Graves.

It is now some years since we first saw the etching of this plate—it was the work of the

late John Scott, the most able artist this country has produced in the delineation of animal nature; and he has found an able successor in Mr. Webb, who has finished the plate, and produced a work which will not be less admired by the collector of fine engravings, than by all those who love the sports of the field. We congratulate Mr. Webb upon his name appearing to this plate, for we are aware that others have placed their names to works by his hand, to which they had no pretension except on the score of paying him for his labour. The only fault we find with it is, that the back-ground is *not* kept sufficiently in the distance; had this been attended to, the dog would have appeared in greater relief, and of course shown off to much more advantage.

Mary Queen of Scots and her Secretary Chatelard. N. Fradelle. Engraved by A. Duncan. Moon, Boys & Graves.

THE extraordinary sale of the original mezzotint has naturally led to this line engraving. The picture is, in our judgment, decidedly the best of Mr. Fradelle's paintings, and we are happy to congratulate him on the distinguishing success of the print. Mr. Duncan has done the subject justice—he has preserved the feminine delicacy of Mary, the great charm of the picture, and altogether produced a work not unworthy of him, or the original.

Her Most Excellent Majesty Queen Adelaide. Mrs. Green. J. S. Agar. Colnaghi & Co.

WE are pleased to see Mrs. Green's miniature engraved by so able a hand as Mr. Agar's: it is an excellent likeness, though somewhat too young, of our universally-admired Queen.

Charles Earl Grey. Sir Thomas Lawrence. Samuel Cousins. M. Colnaghi.

WHO did not admire, when it was exhibited at Somerset House, this admirable specimen of the artist's pencil? Mr. Cousins, under the President's direction, has transferred to copper, we may truly say, the beauty of the original; the likeness is excellent. Those who admire his Lordship's character, and there are not a few, *should* have the print—all lovers of what is excellent in art, we well know will have it, for it is worthy of the choicest portfolio.

Mary Russell Mitford. John Lucas. John Bromley. Colnaghi, Son & Co.

THIS portrait will be eagerly purchased by Miss Mitford's very many admirers;—it was one we certainly wanted to complete our own collection of modern distinguished writers.

The House in which Richard the 3d slept at Leicester, the night before the battle of Bosworth Field. Drawn on Stone by W. Sims, from a Sketch, by J. B. Sedgwick. Marsh & Miher.

A very faithful drawing, and therefore possessing some interest. It will do well for the illustrators of old Throsby.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, ASTLEY'S.

WE have for some weeks past been spectators, in real life, of a more extraordinary drama than ever was performed upon the stage. As sudden and momentous in its changes as a pantomime—as lofty and sonorous in its sentiments as a tragedy—and brim-full of the

Guns, drums, trumpets, blunderbuss, and thunder, of melo-drama,—the newly got-up French revolution has presented, and does now present, a scene which can never be forgotten while even a dream of freedom remains in Europe. We are still gazing with wonder and admiration at what we hope and believe to be the closing act of the glorious spectacle;—we run from newspaper to newspaper—from coffee-house to coffee-house,

for new particulars; and even when we see the inviting word PARIS, upon the bills of Astley's, we allow ourselves to be floated in with the crowd, to gaze at a picture of the realities which fill our hearts and imaginations.

In doing this, we were wrong. The period has not come for turning these things into a spectacle; it will be time enough for the mimic guns of Astley's to recall us to recollection when we begin to forget. Perhaps it was owing, in some measure, to the excitement in our own minds, that the "Paris" of Astley's appeared so contemptible; but this could not be wholly the case. This tragic spectacle was received on Thursday with a few sleepy laughs and languid hisses. It has neither beginning nor end—neither plot nor character;—it represents a crowd rushing from one end of the stage to the other, looking for Liberty among the rubbish of the streets. No one knows what he is about;—they are all "at sea," like the boatful of negroes, picked up while sailing in search of the New Jerusalem. Among the crowd, there are three or four odious and disgusting wretches, intended, if we may take their own words for it, to represent London citizens.

All this was doubly provoking, coming, as it did, after our friend, the magnificent and magnanimous PRINCE ALADDIN—one of the most enchanting tales of enchantment that ever was told on the stage.

WARDROBE OF GEORGE THE FOURTH.

THE wardrobe of the late King has been on sale for the last week, at the ware-rooms of the King's cabinet-maker, in Mount Street; and, although it has not been deemed decorous to make the display of royal garments as common as other exhibitions, yet the notoriety has been sufficient to attract a considerable number of the admirers of such gear.

We are credibly informed that the present King was kind enough to present it to three of the pages of the late monarch, and when our readers are told that it required three waggons to transport it from Windsor to London, they will not be much surprised to hear that the value of the gift is estimated at not much less than fifteen thousand pounds.

When we first saw it, the garments were displayed in two separate rooms—the one containing the splendid, the other the more ordinary apparel. In the former, were the gorgeous coronation robes; regimentals, British and foreign, covered with a profusion of lace; robes of the various foreign orders of which the late King was a member; a dress said to have been worn by the gallant Henry the Fifth; a scarf of point lace, once the property of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and for which we heard one hundred and fifty pounds demanded;—this sounded in our ears rather "prodigious;" but some of our fair friends, learned in this point, have since informed us, it is a wonderful bargain;—with ermine and silken hose in profusion, and a variety of things looking very fine, but to our inexperienced eye, monstrously puzzling to find a use for;

"One wonder'd what to do with such a number
Of articles which nobody required."

The other room contained the habiliments of ordinary wear: coats, waistcoats, trowsers, inexpressibles; boots, shoes, and hats enough to equip a regiment. To us, to whom the purchase of one coat is a matter of deliberation, and the possession of two a rare occurrence, the number of this portion of man's attire was truly astonishing. A shrewd speculator, as we are informed, purchased one hundred and fifty, nearly two hundred whips, and a great portion of the contents of this room, and is retailing them at a considerable advantage to himself, hard by the other exhibition. Among the numerous pur-

chasers, some from affection, and some from affectation, we hear of the following:—Prince Esterhazy; Lord Londonderry, a cane at the price of thirty guineas; and Lord Chesterfield revels in the possession of a cloak lined with sable, at the moderate price of £220; the lining alone is stated to have cost originally £800. Lord Harrington was also a purchaser, with a number of others, gentle and simple, whom our limits will not permit us to enumerate. Hamlet, the jeweller, purchased the whole of the gold-headed canes.

We came away from the view, congratulating ourselves, that we had no temptation to break the tenth commandment. We saw little useful, and we had almost said not much very ornamental—

"Wealth had done wonders, taste not much."

We will not indulge ourselves in stating the numerous anecdotes of what we fear to be too true, as to the anxiety displayed by their late possessor upon these matters, nor venture to repeat the price the trowers were said to have cost, owing to the various journeys the tailor was obliged to make, ere he could render them fit for the royal thigh—he is gone, and, burying in oblivion all these frivolities, let us hope that the good sense which seems at length making its way in regal circles, will never call us to witness a similar display.

A Query to Bibliographers.—"Of the virtuous son," Lawrence, to whom Milton addresses one of his sonnets, "nothing has transpired," says Wharton. Now, there is "A small Treatise bewixte Arnalte and Lucenda," London, 1639, reviewed in vol. 4. p. 71 of the Retrospective Review, translated by L. L., said to be Leonard Lawrence. Was this the same person? It is dedicated to "his honoured uncle Adam Lawrence."

Bozzaris.—What heart is there that has not beat high at Henry the Fourth's exclamation to his soldiery on the field of Ivry—"Soldiers! if ever ye lose your standards, rally around my white plume!"—Yet, how sinks this exciting summons into the shade, when we carry our mind's eye to the scene where Marco Bozzaris, ready to hurl destruction on his country's oppressors, and moving with his patriot bands, under the solemn shade of night, to surprise the Turkish camp, called aloud to his followers, ere the first blow was struck—"My friends, if ye lose trace of me in the fray, seek me in the Pasha's tent, and you will find me!"—And it was so; but they found him—mortally wounded and stretched upon a heap of hostile corpses!

The late storm has passed over Paris too rapidly, and the gusts have been too sudden to furnish much matter for observation in political meteorology. Some few names, however, are still to be added to the next edition of "Le Dictionnaire des Girouettes"—persons deeming themselves politically weatherwise, whose *vane* knowledge has furnished much amusement to such as are otherwise. Several curious anecdotes of this sort of skill in "boxing the compass," are current in the Parisian circles. Among others, it has been noted that a great theatrical *entrepreneur*, well known in Paris, and not unknown in London, has given further proofs of his skill as a manager. On Monday he voted for the old ministerial candidates. On Tuesday, when the squall began, he retired to his house to commune with his own heart and be still, and there he continued until the Friday, when, the storm having nearly blown over, the horizon began to clear, he sallied forth in the full costume of the National Guard, and solicited and obtained a post under La Fayette. On the following Monday he completed his weekly cycle, by suggesting the removal of that notorious royalist R—L, from the directorship of the Théâtre des Nouveautés, and

soliciting that it might be transferred to himself as a reward for his zeal and fidelity to the popular cause. We do not hear that he has succeeded, for the conduct of the French in the extraordinary revolution has given the lie to the old doctrine, that, "action and re-action are equal." The Parisians recommend the weather-cock manager to undertake the Théâtre des Tournes.

"When Lord Hill's division was on the march for Almoraz, the brigade to which I belonged halted in the town of Santa Cruz; while sauntering through it, I observed a granite stone in the wall of the priest's house bearing this inscription in Roman letters: 'Vivatus hic sepultus;' it bore all the appearance of antiquity, the letters were evidently time and weather-worn, and their lines were scratched with a pointed instrument to make them legible. I inquired of a young woman who was residing in the house, where the stone had been found; she told me her father brought it from some Roman ruins that were not far from the town. Santa Cruz is situated at the base of a high conical mountain which terminates a lofty range called the Sierra da Gaudaloupe; between it and the Gaudiana is a plain of about two miles across, the pass thus formed by the mountain and river is such a one that a General would naturally take post in, to defend against an approaching enemy."

J. N.

Paris and London.—Comparative Morals.—In the year 1828, in London and its environs, 3127 persons were accused of crimes—of these 850 were acquitted, and the remainder (2277) were found guilty. In Paris, during the same period, 2424 were accused, 756 acquitted, and 1668 condemned. The following table will show the relative number in relation to the population of accused persons in each city for four years:—

	1825,	1826,	1827,	1828
In London, one person was accused in every	503,	424,	433,	415
Paris, one in every	412,	416,	423,	412

Larks.—The plains of Germany swarm with them; and they are so highly prized as an article of food, that the tax upon them at the city of Leipzig produces nearly a thousand pounds yearly to the revenue.

Important Biblical Illustration.—Champollion has made a discovery, which is highly gratifying, inasmuch as it affords an additional proof of the authenticity of Scripture records. Among the portraits, of which he has brought over a considerable collection from Egypt, is that of Sechouchis, who was father of the twenty-second dynasty. This individual is the Schehouk of Scripture, by whom Jerusalem was taken and the temple laid waste. On the remains of the edifices erected by this sovereign, Champollion has also observed Rehoboam, Solomon's son and successor, among the effigies of the captive kings.

Instinct.—*Smell.*—There is a something, too, that guides the vulture to its prey—the bee outwards to the honied nectary, and homewards to the nest—and the insect to the proper nidus for its young, although for itself, personally, that nidus has no attraction. The common process of the dispersion of the substance in the same way that water is evaporated, or the moisture of a pulled leaf dried up by the sun, will not account for these changes. In the case of the insects, it cannot be a sense of smell, in our meaning of the term; because that would be as acute to danger as to pleasure; and we have placed a little basin with chips of wood and sulphur in a state of ignition, where bees were busy around, and unless they came into absolute contact with the fumes, not a bee of them was disturbed; yet those same bees found their way to the honey in the nectary of a scentless flower.—*British Naturalist.*

It appears from the "Gazette Littéraire," that the number of pieces produced, and afterwards published at the theatres in Paris, within the first three months of this year, were at the

Théâtre Français	3
Opéra Comique	1
Odéon	3
Madame	3
Vaudeville	2
Nouveautés	3
Variétés	3
Ambigu	4
Gaité	3
Cirque	2
St. Martin	2

Total 29

Woodpecker.—It is not a little singular that the love note of the woodpecker should not be a voice, like that of most other birds, but a tapping upon the trunk of a tree. The muscles of the neck of the bird are so constructed, that it can repeat the strokes of its bill with a celerity of which it is difficult to form a notion. They absolutely make one running jar, so that it is impossible to count them. We have often tried with a stop-watch; but could never ascertain the number for a minute, although we are certain that it must be many hundreds; and as, from the sound, the space passed over must be at least three inches backwards and as much forwards, at every stroke, which, in the rude estimate that we were able to form (and it was a very rude one), would make the motion of its beak, one of the most rapid of animal motions—nearly two hundred miles in the hour; yet the bird will continue tapping away for some considerable time.—*British Naturalist.*

Athenæum Advertisements.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Forthcoming.—The Remembrance, edited by Thomas Roscoe, Esq., author of The Landscape Annual; dedicated, by permission, to Her most Excellent Majesty, Queen Adelaide.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Days of	Thermom.	Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
W. Mon.	Max. Min.	Noon.		
Th.	5 75 51	29.72	W.	Clear.
Fr.	6 75 53	29.75	W.	Cloudy.
Sat.	7 75 54	29.75	W. to E.	Ditto.
Sun.	8 70 52	29.54	N.E. to E.	Ditto.
Mon.	9 70 52	29.34	S. to E.	Ditto.
Tues.	10 65 58	29.42	E.	Showers.
Wed.	11 73 55	29.42	S.W. to W.	Rain, P.M.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cirrostratus and Cumulus. Nights and mornings, or the greater part fair. Mean temperature of the week, 66°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Mars in conjunction on Saturday, at 11h P.M.
The Moon in Perigee on Sun. at 2h P.M.
Jupiter's geocentric long. on Wed. 8° 50' in Capricorn.
Sun's — — — 8° 14' in Leo.
Length of day on Wed. 14h. 40m.; decreased, 1h. 45m.
Sun's horary motion 2' 23". Logarithmic number of distance .005932.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Laura's Verses are not ill-turned: she had better send them to the "Mechanics' Magazine."

FREEDOM OF FRANCE!

THE PUBLIC DINNER, in honour of the recent Triumph of Constitutional Freedom in France, will be given at the FREEMASONS' HALL, Great Queen-street, on WEDNESDAY NEXT, August 18th.

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JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

Albemarle-street, August 1st, 1830.

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